

LITERARY GAZETTE

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N° 2107.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

REVIEWS.

A Residence among the Chinese; Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea. Being a Narrative of Scenes and Adventures during a Third Visit to China, from 1853 to 1856. By Robert Fortune, Murray.

THE Chinese are famous for their skill in puzzles. Our bazaars teem with samples of their ingenuity in that way; boxes that shut up in each other to an indefinite number, with an inexplicable independence of the laws of mechanics; feats with bars of ivory and loops of silk, apparently as impossible as the passage of a camel through the eye of a needle; squares, and crosses, and stars, composed of separate pieces which, once broken up, can never be re-formed except by the hand of the original conjurer; and a multitude of tricks and devices, by which the lesser is made to contain the greater, and many other established principles are thrown into utter confusion. Remarkable, however, as is the genius of the Chinese in the invention of impenetrable problems of this description, they have unconsciously supplied us with one puzzle far transcending all the rest in difficulty of solution. Need we suggest to the student of historical and social literature, that the puzzle to which we allude is made neither of ivory, nor wood, nor metal, nor silk, but of flesh and blood? The solid box, with an elastic capacity, is not half so marvellous as its maker. Much as we may wonder at his art in fabricating toys which we can neither take to pieces nor reconstruct, John Chinaman is a much greater object of wonder himself. He baffles us by whichever process, synthetical or analytical, we attempt to get at the mystery of his character. No two travellers agree in their accounts of him; and we, who have no means of forming a judgment, except from printed sources, are compelled to confess that, after having made numerous attempts to enlighten ourselves on the subject, we are in the end more in the dark than ever.

The majority of our readers no doubt retain a vivid recollection of M. Huc's recent work of 'Travels in China,' and its graphic pictures of the domestic life and political institutions of the people. The impression left by the writer, whose power of description is distinguished alike by clearness and vigour, is still fresh, and it has undoubtedly helped materially to confirm that unfavourable estimate of the Chinese which had been produced, from time to time, by the reports of other travellers. While M. Huc's narrative, drawn from personal observation, is yet, so to speak, upon our table, another "outside barbarian," or "white devil," who also had excellent opportunities of investigating the life and character of the Chinese, publishes the careful results of his observation. Mr. Fortune's books upon China are well known to all persons interested in eastern affairs, and are justly appreciated for their practical merits. There is no literary pretension whatever in them. They are candid, sensible, and to the purpose. They relate very plainly, without exaggeration or suppression, exactly what the writer saw and what he thought. An even temper pervades them; there are no fits of poetical ecstasy, nor moods of spleen or resentment; the traveller is always at his ease, always in equable spirits, ready to turn whatever happens to the best account, and remarkably free from the Eng-

lish foible of testing strange usages and habits by the English standard. Fourteen years have elapsed since Mr. Fortune first landed in China. In the interval he has visited the country three times, moving about at a stretch for upwards of three years. On each visit he had a scientific object in view, which carried him into the heart of the interior, and gave a special direction to his inquiries. He first went into China as botanical collector to the Horticultural Society of London; and afterwards, on the two subsequent visits, to procure tea-plants, implements, and tea makers for the East India Company's plantations in the Himalayas.

It is hardly necessary to say that M. Huc and Mr. Fortune are as competent witnesses as could be produced upon any topic, especially of a social or domestic kind, connected with China. It might be expected, therefore, that they would illustrate and throw light upon each other, and that, although perfect agreement of opinion is never to be looked for from travellers, they would at least concur upon large and general characteristics. But what is the actual state of the case? They differ from each other as widely as a negative differs from an affirmative. This difference cannot be accounted for by the fact of their taking their observations from different points of view—M. Huc from the missionary, and Mr. Fortune from the industrial and commercial; it is not a difference in taste, feeling, or idiosyncrasy, but a difference in fact. Where one writes black, the other writes white. M. Huc represents the Chinese to be cowardly, base, and cruel, and to be utterly abandoned to the vices of drunkenness and gambling. Mr. Fortune presents us with the exact reverse of this picture. What are we to believe? We, who know nothing about the matter ourselves, and have no alternative but to trust to the reports of others, can only say, when we fall upon such contradictions as these, that both cannot be true. The question is, which are we to accept? All we can do at present towards the solution of that question is, to lay before our readers as full an account as our space will permit of Mr. Fortune's work, leaving them to judge of its credibility for themselves.

Making Shanghai his head-quarters, in consequence of the facility of communication it afforded both with England and India, he started for Ningpo, in the province of Chekiang, and hired a covered boat, the usual mode of conveyance, to convey him to the tea-districts in the interior. The country was at that time in a very disturbed state, arising from the rebellion, of which "loose characters" took advantage to commit acts of violence and robbery. The boatmen were in constant alarm, and great precautions were observed at night to keep a vigilant watch; yet, although they were frequently in the close neighbourhood of pirates, and once even sailed through a fleet of them, only one instance occurred in which Mr. Fortune's boat was plundered. On that occasion he complained to the authorities; the thieves were taken, and all the booty was returned safely except the dollars, a portion of which was finally restored, the rest being absorbed on its way, it was supposed, by the mandarins.

Arrived at the foot of the hills where he was to begin his explorations, he saw a vast multitude of people of both sexes on their way to worship and burn incense at a neigh-

bouring temple. The scene was striking and peculiar:—

"When I got outside of the little village at the end of the canal, and on a little eminence beyond it, I obtained a long view of the mountain-road which leads to the temple. And a curious and strange view this was. Whether I looked before or behind me, I beheld crowds of people of both sexes and of all ages, wending their way to worship at the altars of the 'unknown God.' They were generally divided into small groups—little families or parties—as they had left their native villages, and most of these parties had a servant or two walking behind them, and carrying some food to refresh them by the way, and a bundle of umbrellas to protect them from the rain. Each of the ladies—young and old—who were not in chairs, walked with a long stick, which was used partly to prevent her from stumbling, and partly to help her along the road. Most of them were dressed gaily in silks, satins, and crepes of various colours, but blue seemed the favourite and predominating one. As I walked onward and passed group after group on the way, the ladies, as etiquette required, looked demure and shy, as if they could neither speak nor smile. Sometimes one past the middle age would condescend to answer me good humouredly; but this was even rare. The men on the contrary were chatty enough, and so were the ladies too as soon as I had passed them and joined other groups farther a-head. Oftentimes I heard a clear ringing laugh, after I had passed, from the lips of some fair one who but a minute before had looked as if she had never given way to such frivolity in her life."

In the temple the women predominated, and were apparently more devout than the men. They knelt on cushions, and after bowing and prostrating themselves before huge images, they lighted candles and incense, and placed them on the altars. Some devotees appealed for an answer to their petitions by flinging up pieces of wood into the air, the answer being determined by the side on which the wood fell; and others, by shaking out a small stick with an inscription on it, from a bamboo tube:—

"The scene altogether was a striking one, and was well calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of any one looking on as I was. Hundreds of candles were burning on the altars, clouds of incense were rising and filling the atmosphere; from time to time a large drum was struck which could be heard at a distance outside the building; and bells were tinkling and mingling their sounds with those of the monster drum. The sounds of many of these bells are finer than anything I ever heard in England. Most of the fine ones are ancient, and were made at a time when the arts ranked higher in China than they do at the present day."

At the old city of Tse-kee, Mr. Fortune visits a market, which may stand as the representative of its class. This city is ancient, and has many wealthy inhabitants, whose dwellings are not visible from the street, being surrounded, for greater privacy, by high walls:—

"Near the centre of the city, and in one of the principal streets, I found a most excellent market. For fully half a mile this street was literally crowded with articles of food. Fish, pork, fowls, ducks, vegetables of many kinds, and the fruits of the season, lined its sides. Mushrooms were abundant, and excellent, as I afterwards proved by having some cooked. Frogs seemed much in demand. They are brought to market in tubs and baskets, and the vendor employs himself in skinning them as he sits making sales. He is extremely expert at this part of his business. He takes up the frog in his left hand, and with a knife which he holds in his right chops off the fore part of its head. The skin is then drawn back over the body and down to the feet, which are chopped off and

thrown away. The poor frog, still alive, but headless, skinless, and without feet, is then thrown into another tub, and the operation is repeated on the rest in the same way. Every now and then the artist lays down his knife, and takes up his scales to weigh these animals for his customers and make his sales. Everything in this civilised country, whether it be gold or silver, geese or frogs, is sold by weight.

"Raw tea-leaves—that is, just as they had been plucked from the bushes, and unmanufactured—were also exposed for sale in this market. They were sold at from three farthings to five farthings a pound; and as it takes about four pounds of raw leaves to make one pound of tea, it follows that the price paid was at the rate of three pence to five pence a pound, but to this must be added the expense of manipulation. In this manner the inhabitants of large towns in China, who have no tea-farms of their own, can buy the raw leaves in the market, and manufacture the beverage for themselves and in their own way."

A fair witnessed by our traveller some time afterwards, in another town, may serve as a companion picture to the market. As early as 4 a.m. the roads were covered with country people pouring into the town:—

"There were long trains of coolies, loaded with fruits and vegetables; there were hawkers, with their cakes and sweetmeats to tempt the young; while now and then passed a thrifty housewife, carrying a web of cotton cloth, which had been woven at home, and was now to be sold at the fair. More gaily dressed than any of these were small parties of ladies limping along on their small feet, each one having a long staff in her hand to steady her, and to help her along the mountain-road. Behind each of these parties came an attendant coolie, carrying a basket of provisions, and any other little article which was required during the journey."

The fair itself did not differ very materially, except in costume, from an English fair:—

"The streets of the town were now crowded with people; and the whole scene reminded me of a fair in a country-town in England. In addition to the usual articles in the shops, and an unusual supply of fruits and vegetables, there was a large assortment of other things which seemed to be exposed in quantity only on a fair-day. Native cotton cloths, woven by handlooms in the country, were abundant,—mats made from a species of Juncus, and generally used for sleeping upon,—clothes of all kinds, both new and second-hand,—porcelain and wooden vessels of various sorts,—toys, cakes, sweetmeats, and all the common accompaniments of an English fair. Various textile fibres of interest were abundant, being produced in large quantities in the district."

But the play, which varied the proceedings of the day, was thoroughly Chinese:—

"In the afternoon the play began, and attracted its thousands of happy spectators. As already stated, the subscribers, or those who gave the play, had a raised platform, placed about twenty yards from the front of the stage, for themselves and their friends. The public occupied the ground on the front and sides of the stage, and to them the whole was free as their mountain-air,—each man, however poor, had as good right to be there as his neighbour. And it is the same all over China:—the actors are paid by the rich, and the poor are not excluded from participating in the enjoyments of the stage."

Mr. Fortune took his place in the "pit," but the subscribers who gave the play were too courteous to permit him to remain there, and one of the company, gaily dressed, went down and invited him to the "boxes," where he found a very pleasant party smoking, sipping tea, and eating fruit. The Chinese stage is, perhaps, the most primitive entertainment in the Celestial empire. There are no actresses, no scenes. A table and a few chairs on a platform constitute the properties,

and the gist of the story is generally a piece of comical love-making, diversified by sham sword-fights, in which the Chinese are particularly expert, amidst a tremendous uproar of gongs and timbrels.

The greater part of the country traversed by Mr. Fortune was pretty and romantic, and sometimes even grand. The whole region is intersected by canals, which, bearing on their surface thousands of boats engaged in commerce, give an agreeable air of animation to the scene. The interior is like fairy-land in its character, and Mr. Fortune's light passing descriptions enable us to understand the reality of the delicate landscapes we get sometimes on fans and vases. The cemeteries are in excellent taste, placed on the hill-sides, in open situations, shaded in all directions by the solemn pine, the cypress, and the arbor-vite:—

"These trees are planted in a half-circle round the grave, leaving the front open. Within this half-circle is the tomb itself, the most common kind being covered with a large mound of earth faced with stone in front, on which the name and age of the deceased are cut and painted. In front of this again is a stone pavement with smooth stone seats, whether destined for the visitor or for the spirit of the departed I cannot tell. Sometimes I met with tombs of the most elaborate workmanship, and constructed in many different ways. Each told its tale of wealth or poverty; some must have cost very large sums, while others consisted of the coffin laid upon the surface of the ground, and thatched with a little straw. It is a pretty sight, and yet a painful one too, to see the relations of the dead visiting the tombs of their ancestors, which they do at stated periods, for the purpose of burning yellow paper and incense, and chanting prayers to the gods or spirits of the departed."

The ceremoniousness, which forms a sort of article of faith with the Chinese, is conspicuously shown at visits and dinner parties:—

"In all the houses of the wealthy there are two raised seats at the end of the reception-room, with a table between them. The seat on the left side is considered the seat of honour, and the visitor is invariably pressed into it. Scenes which seem most amusing to the stranger are always acted on an occasion of this kind. The host begs his visitor to take the most honourable post, while the latter protests that he is unworthy of such distinction, and in his turn presses it upon the owner of the mansion. And so they may be seen standing in this way for several minutes before the matter is settled. It is the same way when a man gives a dinner; and if the guests are numerous, it is quite a serious affair to get them all seated. In this case it is not only the host and his household who are begging the guests to occupy the most honourable seats, but the guests themselves are also pressing these favoured places upon each other. Hence the bowing, talking, sitting down, and getting up again, before the party can be finally seated, is quite unlike anything one sees in other parts of the world, and to the stranger is exceedingly amusing, particularly if he does not happen to be hungry."

Visiting a mandarin, we have a peep into the secrets of the household:—

"On one side of the room there was a glass window having a gauze or crape curtain behind it, and apparently constructed to give light to a passage leading to some of the other parts of the mansion. While sitting with my host I had more than once observed the curtain move and expose a group of fair faces having a sly peep at me through the window. These were his wives and daughters, whom etiquette did not permit to appear in public or in the presence of a stranger. I did not appear to notice them—although I saw them distinctly enough all the time—for had I done so they would have disappeared immediately; and as one rarely has an opportunity of seeing the

ladies of the higher classes in China, I was willing to look upon their pretty faces as long as possible. A circumstance occurred, however, which put a speedy end to their peep-show, and for which they had no one but themselves to blame. Whether they had fallen out among themselves about place at the window, or whether it was only a harmless giggle, I cannot tell—it sounded very like the latter: but the noise, whatever it was, caught the ear of their lord and master, who turned his head quickly to the window in question, and darted a look of anger and annoyance at the unfortunate, who instantly took to their heels, and I saw them again no more."

An interior, belonging to a gentleman of wealth, who was an ardent collector of works of art, illustrates, perhaps, the highest state of Chinese domestic cultivation:—

"I found him the owner and occupant of a large house in the centre of the city, and apparently a man of considerable wealth. He received me with the greatest cordiality, and led me in the usual way to the seat of honour at the end of the reception-hall. His house was furnished and ornamented with great taste. In front of the room in which I had been received was a little garden containing a number of choice plants in pots, such as azaleas, camellias, and dwarfed trees of various kinds. The ground was paved with sandstone and granite, and while some of the pots were placed on the floor, others were standing on stone tables. Small borders fenced with the same kinds of stone were filled with soil, in which were growing creepers of various kinds which covered the walls."

"The reception-room was hung with numerous square glass lanterns gaily painted with 'flowers of all hues'; several massive varnished tables stood in its centre, while a row of chairs was arranged down each side. Between the chairs stood small square tables or teapots, on some of which were placed beautiful specimens of ancient china vases. Everything which met the eye told in language not to be mistaken that its owner was not only a man of wealth, but of the most refined taste."

"After a few commonplace civilities passing between us I expressed a wish to inspect his collections. He led me from room to room and pointed out a collection which was enough to make one's mouth water. In some instances his specimens stood on tables or on the floor, while in others they were tastefully arranged in cabinets made expressly for the purpose of holding them. He showed me many exquisite bits of crackle of various colours—grey, red, turquoise, cream, pale yellow, and indeed of almost every shade. One vase I admired much was about two feet high, of a deep blue colour, and covered with figures and ornaments in gold; another of the same height had a white ground with figures and trees in black, yellow, and green—rare and bright colours lost now to Chinese art, and never known in any other part of the world."

Tea-shops in China are as numerous as *cafés* in Paris and *gin* palaces in London—but by no means so profitable:—

"Luh-heen is a small bustling village on the banks of the canal, chiefly remarkable for the number of tea-shops and other houses of refreshment it contains. Judging from the crowds of people we saw in these places, a thriving trade must be done by their proprietors; but it must be taken into consideration that most of their customers spend very small sums. In tea-shops in China a cup of tea can be had for about the third part of a farthing of our money, and oftentimes for less than that, so that a shop of this kind may be crowded from morning to evening and not a large sum of money taken after all during the day."

The curiosity of the people wherever the foreigner appeared was intense. Here is one instance. It should be remembered that we are now in the north of China, where a "barbarian" had never been seen before:—

"During the time I was at dinner, and for some time after, in addition to some of the more respect-

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able who were admitted into the room, the doors and windows were completely besieged with people. Every little hole or crevice had a number of eager eyes peeping through it, each anxious to see the foreigner feed. Having finished my dinner and smoked a cigar, much to the delight of an admiring audience, I politely intimated that it was getting late, that I was tired with the exertions of the day, and that I was going to bed. My inside guests rose and retired, but it seemed to me they only went outside to join the crowd, and they were determined to see the finale; they had seen how I eat, drank, and smoked my cigar, and they now wanted to see how and in what manner I went to bed. My temper was unusually sweet at this time, and therefore I had no objection to gratify them even in this, providing they remained quiet and allowed me to get to sleep. A traveller generally does not spend much of his time over the toilet, either in dressing or undressing, so that in less time than I would take to describe it I was undressed, the candle was put out, and I was in bed. As there was nothing more to be seen the crowd left my window, and as they retired I could hear them laughing and talking about what they had seen."

The great danger lies in losing your temper on these occasions, especially in walking through the towns. Wherever Mr. Fortune went he was followed by thousands, who pressed close upon him with mixed expressions of curiosity, fear, and a sort of scorn, as if he really were a "white devil." So long as this is taken in good part, the mob will be good-humoured (with a rough edge to their humour) and polite; but the slightest provocation will lead to an outbreak, the result of which cannot be easily foreseen. In one instance only Mr. Fortune experienced a hostile manifestation. He was visiting some nursery gardens, into which he was followed by a dense mass of human beings:—

"All were, however, though boisterous, in perfect good humour, and, although we found it very annoying to be followed and crowded in this way wherever we went, and prevented from well examining the various things which came in our way, yet we bore with it as well as we could, and took everything in good part. Nothing new or rare being found in the gardens to reward us for the visit we had paid to them, and as it was getting late in the afternoon, we determined to return at once to our boats, from which we were distant about two miles. In order to get relieved from the crowd we did not again enter the city, but went back through its northern suburb in the direction of the east gate. This movement in a great measure accomplished the intended object, and most of the people who had followed us thus far, with the intention of returning with us through the city, left and went home. A small portion, however, continued to follow us until we came to the north gate, when I remonstrated with them by saying that surely they had seen enough of us, and that we were anxious to have a quiet walk after all the noise and inconvenience we had been subjected to. After this they seemed afraid to follow us any further, but we had soon reason to repeat having stopped them. Our road led us for some distance close under the city walls. Two or three rascally-looking fellows, the scum of the crowd, entered by the north gate and got upon the top of the ramparts, and soon showed evil intentions towards us. Several stones were thrown by unseen hands, and from the position we were in, our situation was far from being an agreeable one. Hemmed in as we were by the city wall on one side and houses on the other, moreover the street thus formed being very narrow, we were placed entirely at the mercy of our assailants. At last a large brick came tumbling down, and struck the ground close to our feet. It was well-aimed, and had it struck the mark it is probable that one of our little party would have been killed on the spot. We were perfectly powerless. We neither could

see those by whom we were attacked, nor could we get out of their way. Several respectable Chinese remonstrated with their unruly countrymen, and we hurried onwards in order to get out of our awkward position as soon as we possibly could. Fortunately, we soon came to a cross street, which led away from the wall, and we were then out of danger."

This is the solitary instance of violence, or even a menace of it, in the book. Mr. Fortune had been three years travelling about the country, and although his person everywhere occasioned wonder and what we should call vulgar curiosity, he was invariably received with politeness, amounting in most cases to cordiality. In a country abounding in pirates, who defied the authorities themselves, and at a time when a civil war was raging, he travelled day and night with the most perfect security. As he passed along the road-sides the people came out of the houses to offer him the usual beverage, a cup of tea; the priests received him with hospitality and kindness; and the principal persons in all the places he visited called upon him, and were anxious to show him attention. When it was known that he was making entomological collections, the people gathered round him with contributions—a mark of their industry and their confidence in the stranger. In fact, we see none of the traits in these people we are accustomed to associate with the Chinese. They are not the Chinese we are acquainted with in other books. No doubt we here find priests fanatically secluding themselves for three years to the honour of Buddha, and we hear of cruelties inflicted by magistrates on prisoners; but these cases are rare and exceptional, and the general character of the people, as they are depicted by Mr. Fortune, is that of kindness and simplicity, a natural tendency to mirth, strict sobriety and industry, and strong domestic affections. The agriculturists form a class that would do credit to the most advanced stage of European civilization—

"The farmers in China, as a class, are highly respectable, but, as their farms are all small, they are probably less wealthy than our farmers in England. Each farm-house is a little colony, consisting of some three generations, namely, the grandfather, his children, and his children's children. There they live in peace and harmony together; all who are able work on the farm, and if more labour is required, the stranger is hired to assist them. They live well, dress plainly, and are industrious, without being in any way oppressed. I doubt if there is a happier race anywhere than the Chinese farmer and peasantry."

Turning now to M. Huc's Travels, the reader may be commended to compare the two pictures, and draw his own conclusions.

Mr. Fortune was not in China when the war broke out, but he makes a few suggestions concerning it which derive weight from his experience. He evidently thinks that we were not wholly free from blame at the beginning, but that, being now engaged in it, we must proceed till our relations with China are placed on a firm and satisfactory basis. True humanity towards such a people requires that we should act with determination. Free entrance into the city of Canton, not for our officials merely, "as they themselves have suggested," but for everybody, must be effected, and communications permanently opened with the court of Pekin. To accomplish these objects, Mr. Fortune suggests that we should re-occupy Chusan, a spot of great importance as commanding easy access to Pekin, commodious harbours for our vessels, and a com-

paratively healthy climate for our troops. From this point, abandoning all further diplomacy with Commissioner Yeh, we should enter into negotiations direct with the Emperor, and Mr. Fortune does not despair at no very distant day of seeing the vast empire drawn within the pale of nations. We are not quite so sanguine; but we entirely agree with Mr. Fortune as to the necessity of carrying the war to a decisive result. Chusan, as a base of operations, is obviously the most eligible locality that could be selected.

Remarks on the Differences in Shakspeare's Versification in different Periods of his Life, and of the like Points of Difference in Poetry generally. John W. Parker and Son.

The theory asserted in this new piece of experimental criticism is, that Shakspeare, in the course of his life, passed through certain transitions of style, represented by four different stages; beginning with "unbroken," or, as we should call it, regular verse, in which the sense was completed for the most part within the line; next, slightly abandoning this regularity for a less formal style; thirdly, advancing still farther into the region of freedom; and, lastly, resigning himself to the unfettered swing of what is here described as "interrupted verse," by which "I do not mean," says the writer, "so much that there is a pause or break in the middle, as that you cannot dwell upon the end." This is not very clear, but we may take it for granted that "interrupted verse" means, generally, verse that does not flow smoothly to a conclusion at the close of the line. Amongst the peculiarities that marked the fourth period were the frequent use of a weak monosyllable at the end, and the use of double endings, which, we are informed, are to be found in comparative profusion in the later plays. Such is the substance of the "differences" which, according to this writer, may be detected upon a careful perusal of Shakspeare's plays. It is superfluous to say that whoever desires to follow the course of these changes must read the plays in the order of their production; and it is equally superfluous to add, that the first step towards that desirable operation is to find out in what order they were produced.

We supposed that the author had made this discovery the foundation of his speculations; but we find, much to our surprise, that he has made no discovery of the kind. In two or three cases he ventures to argue from the style to the date, having in his mind the "foregone conclusion" that the style is the key to the date, and thus introduces fresh difficulties into the already clouded question of the chronology; but in no instance has he cleared up a doubt or supplied a scrap of fresh external evidence. His chronology occasionally differs, but without any satisfactory reason, from that which is usually received. Thus, for example, he places *Pericles*, which there is ground for believing was Shakspeare's first play, and which is always referred to the year 1590, between *Troilus and Cressida*, supposed to have been produced in 1602, and *Timon of Athens*, ordinarily assigned to the year 1610; he thinks that *Julius Caesar*, which there is no evidence to carry back farther than 1607, was written before 1602; and he places the *Merry Wives of Windsor* in advance of, at least, eight or nine plays which

have been generally thought to have preceded it. These variances, however, are not more remarkable than other commentators have ventured upon, and they do not at all affect the question raised in the book. It is immaterial in what order conjecture or speculation may place the dramas in the absence of positive external evidence. The order may be reversed with impunity; *The Winter's Tale* may be permitted to open the dance, and it may be closed up by *Pericles*; for as none of these chronologies possess the slightest claim to historical authenticity, so they are all equally inadmissible as the basis of any theory whatever.

Even if we could concede to the critic the dates he assumes, we should find it impossible to agree with him in the inference he draws from them. He certainly has not proved his case by his analyses of the versification of the plays. His remarks are directed chiefly to the structure of the plots, the development of the characters, and other matters of a general nature; very little is said about the versification, and that little is not always intelligible. Take a few samples, from which the reader can collect the bearing and scope of the whole, so far as the subject indicated on the title-page is concerned:—

Romeo and Juliet:—

"It is mostly in the earliest style; steady and loaded, like Marlowe; quiet, like the *Comedy of Errors*."

Merchant of Venice:—

"It is very natural, sometimes excursive, not ratiocinative. The verse, generally, uniform and flowing. One weak ending. Some breaks. The speakers, where the speakers change, fit into the verse, but not always."

Much Ado about Nothing:—

"It is in the second style, chiefly flowing; with some breaks, and even weak endings; alternate rhymes; one instance of the long verse."

Twelfth Night:—

"It is in the perfect, or middle style of metre, with rather a leaning to the older unbroken. In one speech, seven lines out of twenty-one have double endings. Except the priest's speech near the end, no passage of enumeration (like that about Dr. Pinch, or *Hamlet's* on grief), no monosyllables at the end, a little continued rhyme; verses somewhat broken, but often not (chiefly at the end of speeches, which in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, e.g., they scarcely ever are), but not broken, in general, to much effect."

This kind of inventory of metrical particulars may convey to some minds new views of Shakspeare's versification; upon us it has a bewildering effect. These crude hints that lead to nothing, whispered with that air of mystery and significance which one involuntarily associates with short spurted sentences, only serve to throw into chaos a matter which had previously appeared to us exceedingly plain and simple.

Apart from this fantastic theory, which the author himself is unable to sustain, the book is thoughtful and suggestive. Upon points of criticism we continually find ourselves at variance with the writer; but we find quite as often that he touches topics slightly in passing, which, whether rightly or wrongly, are worth elaborating. Nothing, for example, can be much more absurd than the supposition that it was "chiefly in following Jonson Shakspeare caught the practice" of weak endings; but it brings Jonson before us in an aspect which, otherwise, would probably never have occurred to us. With reference to Jonson he says:—

"He was in a great measure a satirist. This

took him away from the style of poetry, and into the style (being a scholar) of Horace's Satires; of which, though he was quite incapable of seizing the ease and freedom, he could cultivate the irregularity. Here he learned the practice of weak endings; and not merely as others might have done, and as Shakspeare himself did in some degree, from a love of variety, and from following the accidental leading of the thought."

The criticism is curious, notwithstanding the obvious extravagance of drawing upon Horace's Satires as a model of Jonson's dramatic versification, and the mistake committed by the critic in describing weak endings as an irregularity. Feebleness may be censured on a hundred grounds, but not because it is illegal. Again:—

"Broken verse, especially from one speech to another, is Jonson's practice, as compared to the contrary; for prosaic, not poetical, purposes; but also, because he found the old fashion pretty well worn out when he began to write, and had no taste for that flow of ideas and feeling which Shakspeare found it fitted for. Seneca's plays must have been partly a model for him. Double endings, in him, are by no means prevalent. Though Jonson has too little spirit to be called a great dramatist, he was much more of a *dialogist*, perhaps, than Shakspeare; at least, though he might run on with tiresome specifications, in a long speech, sometimes, he had no turn for *excursive* passages, of either kind."

There is some truth, with an alloy of error, in this comparison between Jonson and Shakspeare. Shakspeare is never excursive, in the sense of episode, or interruption to the action, mental or physical. The marvel is how he contrives to bring in such multitudes of passages of high poetical and moral beauty, which, detached from the text, possess an independent interest, yet which always grow up naturally out of the dialogue, and in their proper places contribute materially to heighten the colour and deepen the emotion of the scene. Of Jonson's merits as a poet our author has a very low opinion:—

"Johnson was but little of a poet, and, at least, was certainly not likely to make any innovations in verse, from any real feeling for the effect, which a poetical turn of mind produces upon the metre. He was almost an anti-poet, in more ways than one. I have no doubt that many of the finest passages of imagery and fancy in Shakspeare, he would have found simply ridiculous, and would have called bombast or rant."

This judgment must have been formed exclusively upon the plays. The writer can assuredly never have read Jonson's minor poems, or the songs, full of elegance, grace, and point, scattered over his dramas and masques, or his exquisite snatches of pastoral description in such pieces as the lines on "Penshurst"; above all, the writer who says that Jonson was almost an anti-poet, and that he would have called Shakspeare's imagery and fancy bombast or rant, must yet have to look forward to the pleasure of reading "The Sad Shepherd."

Another crotchet launched in this volume of speculations is that "the earlier plays of Beaumont and Fletcher may have helped to influence Shakspeare's style." This is a question of dates, not of criticism. Shakspeare's last play was in 1610 or 1611. Beaumont and Fletcher's first play, *Philaster*, was in 1608; the second, *The Maid's Tragedy*, about 1610; the third, *Four Plays in One*, probably about the same time or soon after; and the fourth, *King or No King*, was licensed in 1611. How far it is credible that Shakspeare was influenced by *Philaster*—for there was scarcely time for any of the others to take

effect upon him—it would be a waste of time to inquire. The system of versification of Beaumont and Fletcher was not yet formed, and the play in that respect yields no materials for comparison or investigation. In this enumeration we have not included the earlier play, called *The Woman Hater*, written by Fletcher singly, and produced in 1606 or 1607, because the play itself was a failure, and, therefore, not very likely to influence Shakspeare, and because our critic is of opinion, if we interpret the following analysis correctly, that, as far as the dialogue runs in verse, it is more in Shakspeare's earliest style than his latest.

"There are some rhyming passages. The verse of this play is often unbroken, never artificially and systematically cut into pieces; but there is not a great deal of it; more than half the play is prose."

Had the inexorable chronology of these plays permitted the writer to pursue the inquiry, he might have made out a wonderful case with reference to double endings. One of the most striking peculiarities of the writings of Beaumont and Fletcher consists in the frequent use of a mode of terminating the lines which before their time had been very sparingly resorted to, and which they cultivated with an exuberance that gives singular relief and vitality to dramatic verse, but would be highly objectionable, on many grounds, in any other kind of poetry. We are not here called upon to discuss the general question of Beaumont and Fletcher's versification, as to whether or not it had an ultimate tendency to weaken and fritter away the effects which, under more cautious control, it was capable of producing; all that concerns us at present is the license they exercised, no doubt too often, but generally with remarkable skill, not only of employing double endings, but of stretching out their lines almost *ad libitum*. Take the following passage from *The Pilgrim* as a sample of the amazing irregularities which they often crowded together into a few lines.

"The blessing of a father never reached it!
His contemplation now seorns you, contents you,
And all the tortures you can use: Let him die thus,
And those that know and love revenge will laugh at you.
Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,
To make his enemy shake and tremble under him,
Doubt, may, almost despair, and then confound him.
This man you rock asleep, and all your rages
Are requiems to his parting soul, mere anthems."

Not only have we double endings here in every line, but variations in the number of supernumerary syllables which illustrate in brief the whole system of the writers. And these irregularities, which with Beaumont and Fletcher form the rule and not the exception, are carried on, save in two instances, to the end of the scene, containing upwards of forty lines more. Mr. Darley, drawing attention to these peculiarities, collects the following examples in single lines of instances in which we have not only double endings, but triple, quadruple, and quintuple endings. The regular termination and the syllables in excess are marked in italics.

Single ending.—"My mouth is much too narrow for my heart."
Double.—"Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at."
Triple.—"Tis strange my brains should still be beating knavery."
Quadruple.—"Have you to swear that you will see it executed?"
Quintuple.—"No, sir, I dare not leave her to that *solitaires*."

But it must not be supposed that Beaumont and Fletcher did not also produce lines of more firmness, and with a more assured musical tread in them. They were as capable of

fine sonorous measures as the greatest of our poets. The following example, from *The Maid's Tragedy*, is exquisitely tender in expression, and, as befits its melancholy, slow and balanced in the versification. There is here not a single double ending, and the rise and fall is everywhere easy, and even solemn:—

“But this lady

Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing
The mournfulst things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping, one by one, away.”

This might have been written by Shakespeare, who was evidently kept in view throughout, and directly imitated in the last line. In such regular passages the resemblance is infinitely greater than in the broken lines and double endings.

It will be gathered upon the whole that the volume which has tempted us into this excursion is not very satisfactory. It disturbs the Shakspearian student at his studies, and he must get it fairly out of his head before he can go on again. It is not deficient in accuracy of statement, although in one page Marlowe's birth is placed in 1593, and in another in 1592; nor does it indulge in much speculation upon matters of fact, although the writer is “sure” that Shakspeare was residing at Windsor when he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The great fault is want of body and fulness. The writer seems never to have formed in his own mind any large or complete views, and the book is written as if it represented guesses and fragments of thought rather than the final results of systematic investigation.

A Winter's Sketches in the South of France and the Pyrenees, with Remarks upon the Use of the Climate and Mineral Waters in the Cure of Disease. By Fred. H. Johnson. Chapman and Hall.

The history of southern France strongly confirms the old saw touching the impossibility of expelling Nature, even with a fork. Time was when Guienne and Gascony owed allegiance to the English crown; time was, again, when we were ejected from them with little of the courtesy for which France has usually been accounted famous. But, as justly remarked by the governess in ‘Vanity Fair’, we cannot control the operations of Nature, and she (Nature, that is, not the governess) having quite made up her mind that the country is to be occupied by Anglo-Saxons, it is occupied by Anglo-Saxons accordingly, under, to be sure, a somewhat different title and tenure than of old. “By the sword we won the land, and by the purse we hold it still.” We used to live by fleecing the natives, now it is they who derive much of their aliment from a similar operation performed upon ourselves. This strife abated, everything is just as it should be. *La terre*, as the Frenchman read the inscription on the Exchange, *est aux Milords*, and it is very probable that no Norman baron of the pre-gunpowder epoch, striding about in a rattling suit of mail, was

served with more awe and deference than the ruddy descendants of his Saxon bondsmen, who, ere the summer is much older, will exchange Capel Court and Mincing Lane for Pau and Bagnères.

Mr. Johnson can certainly have met with little to interfere with the habitual equanimity of his temper. His book cannot but be read, as it cannot but have been written, with ease and satisfaction. Not more surely can we refer a clear stream to a clear spring than a work like this to a contented temper and a buoyant spirit. It is all the more fortunate that his manner should be so good, as the interest of his matter is not the most absorbing. He saw the identical sights that had before his time already presented themselves to the optics of Brown, and Jones, and Robinson; he bestrode no other quadrupeds, partook of no other dishes, and we dare say paid no other bills than had been already thumped, dissected, and anathematized by those his illustrious compatriots. His most remarkable exploit was getting rid of the illness which had driven him to the south, of the nature of which we are not informed, but which can hardly have presented any affinity to a jaundice. Perhaps it is to the “opening paradise” of the convalescent that these pages owe their singularly pleasant and good-humoured tone, and the country might have appeared less enchanting had it been unassociated with reminiscences of recruited spirits and returning energy. Be this as it may, we cannot doubt that it is a pleasant place in which to do fifty pleasant things—to throw the fly in the brawling rapids of a mountain stream, where curdled lumps of froth, fresh from the cascade above, come gliding swiftly down the clear water—to rise upward through grey stony passes into the purest of airs, battling the while with the perversity of ponies—to canter with young lady travellers over heathy downs, while, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has it—

“Under the feathered hats of the sweet pair
In blinding masses showers the golden hair”—

(or raven if you prefer, we have no prejudices)—to assume a scientific aspect as you stroll out with botanist's case or geologist's hammer, to be displayed as long as there is anybody to see them, and then laid down with yourself upon the grass—to imagine yourself the discoverer of an unfrequented path in some sequestered valley, and recoil with horror from the bleaching bones of—last year's picnic. All this and more our author has done, and he shows it not so much by a clumsy verbal detail as by that air of sunny spirits and buoyant *insouciance* proper to a man for whom life has latterly meant lounging *al fresco*, and dining off the green turf. Some writers have prided themselves upon the possession of “a roast beef style;” Mr. Johnson's is a style of cold chicken and Moselle.

It would be of little use to analyse so desultory a narrative of walks, and drives, and rides by road and rail. From a host of descriptions of a similar character, we select the following cheerful account of the scenery the tourist may deservy, and the air the invalid may respire—in the middle of December:—

“From the terrace fronting the entrance-gate there is a view of the mountain range surpassingly grand and entrancing. We first saw them under a sky so ‘deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,’ that the white masses hanging in the air were made doubly pure and solid by the contrast, like the

looming bastions of the city whose foundations are higher than the clouds. Four hundred feet below were the brown fields, rolling away in hill and vale up to where the mountains start perpendicularly from the plain, the villages dotted in black and white upon the surface, like the toy-houses of a child's model. The yellow *chaussee* winding in a painted streak along the valley, dips behind the distant hill, and reappears beyond, with scarcely a visible separation in its unvarying line. On the mountain sides the snow is lying thickly for two-thirds their height; but upon us here the sun is as warm and cheery as on a May-day morning. Roses are blooming in the hedgerows; butterflies flaunting above head; the lizard is basking motionless in the heat, clad in a green and yellow armour that glistens like antique bronze, his sharp eye ever on the alert, and his nimble limbs ready for the spring. Violets are found in the shady nooks of the lanes and moist pastures; wild-flowers that live the winter through, are peeping out in sunny spots; and though there is not a leaf upon the forest trees, and the vines are so many withered stumps, there is the ceaseless hum of summer in the air; albeit we are in the middle of December.”

A little further on, we are told that—

“Even in this season of dormant vegetable life, the French landscape is pleasant to look upon. There are the woods, dark brown heaps of withered tree-tops lighted up by the slanting sunbeam into patches of magnificently-tinted hues; the emerald green of the meadows below, that winter never entirely destroys; the shining rivers dancing and glistening in the noon-day; throughout, a warmth of colouring which is at this time so novel and curious to the stranger, and which so constantly educes the sensation that it must be summer which makes the birds sing, and the flowers bloom, and the insects flutter—all conspire to cheat the winter out of his dismal prerogative, and make his old age ripe and green. Standing up here above everything around, except yonder distant bulwarks of impregnable snow; with the blue sky glancing behind the soft clouds, and every nerve and pulse calmed down into inexpressible repose by the hushed air and warm sun that steal like galvanism through each fibre, we arrive at the knowledge, which men once or more in their lives seldom fail to acquire, in one great tumult of thankful emotion, that ‘the whole heavens are the Lord's, but the earth he has given to the children of men.’”

What will the good people of Torquay say to this? It may be well for them that, after all, home is home.

The volume is augmented, let us not say eked out, by a copious assortment of historical and topographical details respecting every place possessing any interest apart from that derived from its picturesqueness or salubrity. We fear that Mr. Johnson cannot be altogether acquitted of the sin of bookmaking; nevertheless there is not much that may not be useful to such of his readers as propose to see the South for themselves. The following anecdotes possess more general interest. We are persuaded that there is nothing in which Englishmen of all parties agree better than in thinking well of, and wishing well to, the Empress Eugénie—

“One Sunday morning, in the grey dawn, Bagnères was aroused by a roar of artillery that brought half the population out of bed, in expectation of one of the earthquakes, which now and then shoot quite harmlessly through the Pyrenees. It was to proclaim that France had that day gained an heir to the throne, and all classes were congratulating each other on the subject; not so much upon its political bearings, as that their dear *spirituelle* little guest of former times was safely a mother. One old lady who prided herself upon having lodged the now new Empress, especially recounted how ‘la charmante mignonne’ robbed the fruit garden in spite of every watchfulness, and would slide down the oaken balustrade of the stair-

case, 'because it was shorter and nicer than plodding down the stairs,' 'and now she was the hope of France, the best pledge of peace and order! Well! the good God must have created her for the work, or she could never have been so singularly chosen!' In all quarters anecdotes are told of this lady,—'graciosa y amable,' her countrymen call her,—and of her unaffected kind-heartedness; one coming within our own knowledge deserves recording. A governess, who had taught English to the family some years before, and who had been admitted to some intimacy, applied to the Empress soon after her marriage for the patronage which could be so easily given, and so invaluablely applied. The answer was an order to attend at the Tuilleries, where her illustrious pupil received the humble teacher with unaffected warmth and kindness; inquired after her prospects, and at once promised what she requested. The same evening a communication was forwarded from the palace, to the effect, that Her Majesty had conferred upon her visitor of the morning a yearly allowance of forty pounds, as an acknowledgment of former services."

Dulce having had his say for nearly three hundred pages, Utile brings up the rear with an appendix treating of the sanative influence of the climate and the mineral waters—a graceful and important addition to the value of a book equally fitted for the circulating library and the tourist's knapsack. It is long since we have seen a record so thoroughly enjoyable of travels so thoroughly enjoyed.

Matthias Claudius, the Wandsbeck Messenger.
By W. Herbst. [Matthias Claudius, &c.]

Gotha: F. A. Perthes.

AUTHORS, like other mortals, sometimes have greatness thrust upon them. As a dry plant from Brazil or Mozambique possesses more interest than the richest rose blooming at the door, so it not unfrequently happens that a writer whose productions, at no time perhaps of peculiar freshness and vitality, have been furthermore wasted and bleached away by the slow lapses of the years, is nevertheless found deserving of attention for the light he throws upon an age now living only in libraries and picture galleries, like a ghost in an old mansion. Matthias Claudius is a celebrity of this stamp; telling us, indeed, little of manners and customs, but powerfully illustrating a type of mental character once of common occurrence, but which will soon, Astræa-like, have left the earth. For although we are not of those who think that the progress of knowledge and refinement will prove fatal to the most excellent virtue of simplicity, which we have all seen displayed just as clearly on a throne as in a cottage; there is, nevertheless, one particular phase, or as a naturalist might say, subgenus of this virtue, which seems hardly compatible with railways, telegraphs, and the damp broad sheet every morning at breakfast. This is the simplicity of ignorance and innocence, or, that which arises not so much from a positive disinclination to luxuries as from luxuries themselves being not only inaccessible but unknown. Brought up in this Arcadian state of being, Claudius slighted every opportunity offered of exchanging it for the ways of the world, and exerted himself through his writings to bring the minds of others into harmony with his own on the subject. Much of his preaching is still applicable, but the days when the simple Messenger of Wandsbeck was a power in literature have gone by with the simple people he addressed. Since their day a revolutionary deluge has covered

the world, and, receding, left the good old man's book like a shell upon the mountains, more curious than ever, but animated no more. Nay, had it not been for a casualty, we suspect it must still have been said of him, *caret vate sacro*. As it is, we may more appropriately refer to another utterance of the bard's, in which he sings the advantages of

"father-in-law
To a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw."

In a happy hour for her sire's celebrity, Claudius' eldest daughter, Caroline, married the bookseller Perthes, whose biography, as everybody knows, has proved one of the best speculations that bibliophile ever made. Hence, we imagine, the present production, and hence, perhaps, its laudable conciseness, a merit rare among biographies. It is certainly a great fact for the enemies of human nature, that when people write lives merely because they think they ought to be written, they are almost always fearfully tedious and dry. The present business-like production can incur no such censure, it is throughout lively and clear, pointed and to the point.

Claudius was born on August 15th, 1741, at Reinfeld, a little place about ten miles from Lubeck, and thus situated in perhaps the most uninteresting country in Europe. His father was the pastor of the village—and pastors of some village or other had all his ancestors been ever since the Reformation. The quiet of a country clergyman's household, the seclusion of a spot forgetful of a world which had never had the chance of remembering it, the habitual contemplation of a scenery akin to that which, *teste* Mr. Tennyson, had no small share in inducing Mariana to wish herself dead—these were not the conditions that might have been supposed most favourable to the development of the poetic temperament. Nevertheless, Claudius' first literary attempts, as well as many of those later achievements by which he is now principally remembered, claimed to embody the spirit of poetry as well as display the garb of metre. Their very merits, however, proclaim no less decisively than their defects that he possessed in reality no pretensions to the title of poet. His juvenile productions are the mere exercises of a young academician; his maturer labours indeed exhibit considerable merit in their way, but their way is the way of Tusser and of Tupper. Claudius, in fact, grew up and remained all his life a most honest and worthy man, with much acquired knowledge, a deal of excellent common sense, a simple, pious, and happy disposition, and who might fairly lay the blame of his harmless errors and weaknesses upon the one solitary spark of imagination which it had pleased Providence to bestow upon him.

The juvenile productions to which we have made allusion, and which the biographer dismisses after a very summary fashion, appeared shortly after the author had quitted the university of Jena, where his education was completed. We possess, unfortunately, hardly any records of this portion of his life, which would have been less interesting on their own account than as a contribution to the history of academical education in Germany. He had now to make his way in the world. It does not appear why he should not have embraced the profession hereditary in his family, and for which his qualifications were certainly beyond the average. It may have been a dissatisfaction with the slender emoluments of the Schleswigian church, or a

desire to see more of the world than had been possible to the ancestral Claudius; certain it is that his entry upon life was made in the capacity of secretary to a certain Count Holstein, a Danish noble resident at Copenhagen. Here he made the acquaintance of Klopstock, a poet then regarded by enthusiastic Teutons and Scandinavians as the rival of Dante and Milton, and whose fame, after every deduction, still remains considerable. It soon appeared that the mental affinity between Claudius and the author of 'The Messiah' was more considerable still, and the friendship formed in Copenhagen remained unbroken during Klopstock's life. Claudius' stay in the Danish capital was, nevertheless, of no long duration. We next find him at home for three consecutive years, during which period it is by no means easy to discover what he did with himself. Hamburg marks the next stage in his career, and displays him acting a very different part to that which he sustained in after life. Its maritime position, and that simultaneous stir of action and thought which lends a keener edge to the wits of the inhabitants of commercial emporiums, had rendered Hamburg at once the place where foreign ideas were first in arrival, and that where they were easiest of propagation. The zeal of the stationary party was in a concatenation accordingly, and Claudius found the thinking part of the citizens involved in disputes which, to all outward appearance sufficiently frivolous, in reality indicated deep divergencies of opinion on almost every subject of discussion. As assistant editor of a leading newspaper, Claudius rendered good service to the innovating side, and acquired the especial notice and friendship of Lessing, a man then, like Klopstock, ranking extremely high, and one whose fame, unlike Klopstock's, has rather risen than declined since his decease.

After six years' connexion with the Hamburg journal, Claudius withdrew from it in 1770. The reason is not stated, but the secession can hardly have been voluntary, as it for a time involved him in much pecuniary distress. From this awkward position he was released by an invitation to repair to the little village of Wandsbeck, and there take the direction of the 'Wandsbeck Messenger,' a periodical to which he soon succeeded in imparting a distinctive character which insured its success for a long series of years. Some notion of this character may be conveyed to the English reader by a comparison with 'Cobbett's Weekly Register,' a journal which also owed its success to the individuality imparted to it by an independent mind, and to a well-founded reputation for perfect honesty and strong common sense. Cobbett was certainly a much abler and more original man than Claudius, and he could treat political subjects with a freedom quite impossible to the German. Nevertheless the reviews, the tales, the ethical verses of the latter deserved and obtained a wide circulation and no slight influence. They have been several times reprinted under the quaint title of 'Asmus Omnia Secum Portans,' and an edition is even now in circulation. With the exception of a short interruption, to be described presently, the 'Messenger' continued to be published for nearly thirty years.

Considering himself pretty well settled in life, Claudius next thought of getting married. The story of his courtship is characteristic.—

"He became acquainted with the father by frequently going shooting with him. One day, probably in September, 1771, he went with him to his house after a shooting-excursion, and laid biscuits on the table before his wife and daughter. When asked whether he had killed nothing, he replied, 'Yes, I have had a capital shot.' He had, in fact, asked the father's consent, and obtained it."

The young lady thus "surprised and violently caught" made no objections, and the marriage proved an extremely fortunate one. It, however, imposed the necessity of additional exertions to provide the means of subsistence, the amount of Rebecca's cash being by no means correspondent to that of her excellencies. We soon find Claudius taking an important step, migrating, namely, to Hesse Darmstadt, where he was invited to assume the direction of a journal established in the interests of Baron von Moser, first minister of the state. Moser was a man who, on a more extensive stage, might have played the part of a Richelieu or a Pombal. His genius was comprehensive, his character energetic, his zeal for the public service consuming. His projects of reform were conceived in a bold and statesman-like spirit, and carried out on a large scale and with unfaltering hand. But a reforming minister is always sure of enemies, and none of the abuses he would correct are likely to be so odious as that which he is almost certain to make of his own authority. The twofold opposition of those who would have injured him and those whom he had himself injured, proved too much for Moser; he fell, and was impeached. Long before this he had lost the services of Claudius, whose abrupt retirement was variously explained, Moser's friends attributing it to his indolence, and his enemies to his honesty. The true theory seems to be that of the biographer—that Claudius tried the world, and did not like it. Darmstadt was to his simplicity as a great metropolis, from which he was but too glad to retreat to the peace and seclusion of his own Wandsbeck.

Here he spent most of his remaining days very happily, occupied with the conduct of his journal, and almost realizing Arcadian pictures by the content and felicity of his family circle, which was a large one. Caroline, afterwards Madame Perthes, is known from the biography of her husband, and the second daughter is said to have been also a remarkable person. The last days of Claudius were somewhat stormy, he being made to experience his full share of the miseries inflicted by the French on the whole of North Germany. He was, however, privileged to see the final deliverance of his country, and, returning to Wandsbeck, died in great peace between Fontainebleau and Waterloo.

The latter years of our author witnessed a considerable change in his sentiments on several subjects. The little imagination he had took a turn towards mediævalism and pietism, and estranged him from nearly all his old friends, while it still remained too feeble to allow him to sympathise with the brilliant new school of Tieck and Novalis. Hence he came to occupy a position of comparative isolation, which may perhaps have been not unserviceable to his celebrity, as it has compelled nearly all literary historians to give him a chapter to himself. This uniqueness is likely to continue his most prominent characteristic, for his is a type which we can hardly expect to see reproduced. The ancient

myth which represents Time as devouring his children, at the same time warns us truly that not all can be recovered from his maw. Authors like Claudius must now be content with being more regarded than read, nor is this an unhappy lot. A sweet and melancholy interest clings to anything, be it a book or a stage-coach, which has been good and useful in its day, but now, for no fault of its own, is doomed to be laid aside for ever. No passage of recent literature has found a readier access to the universal heart than that in which Mr. Ruskin so eloquently pleads for "the battered hulk of the old *Temeraire*."

Biographies of Distinguished Men. By Francois Arago. Translated by Admiral W. H. Smyth, F.R.S.; the Rev. Baden Powell, F.R.S.; and Robert Grant, Esq., M.A. Longman and Co.

The *éloges* of Arago have long been classical works in the literature of science. In this particular kind of composition he was unrivalled, and during the long period that he held the office of Perpetual Secretary to the French Academy of Sciences, he had noble subjects and fit audience for his biographical memoirs. The present volume of the English series of translations of M. Arago's works contains only a selection of the numerous *éloges* which he delivered, but the memoirs are all complete in themselves, and comprise those that have been most highly esteemed. Baily, Herschel, Laplace, Joseph Fourier, Carnot, Malus, Fresnel, Thomas Young, and James Watt—these are the illustrious men whose biographies are here presented. The memoirs of men of pursuits so varied convey no inadequate impression of the history and progress of the physical sciences during the last half century. Learning, eloquence, and luminous exposition are everywhere conspicuous in these scientific memoirs; but it is well known that in several instances national feeling, or some other undue bias, has led Arago into most unfair representations and unjustifiable statements. In an English translation of his works it was not to be expected that these points could be passed over unnoticed, and the editors have done their duty well in pointing out the blemishes. In the cases of Thomas Young and of James Watt, especially, there has been an attempt to assert for others claims to which they have no shadow of right. Dr. Peacock, in his recent edition of Young's works, has established the claims of the English philosopher to the merit of first deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which Arago had unduly arrogated for Champollion. Lord Brougham, Sir David Brewster, and other distinguished writers, have exposed the attempt to deprive James Watt of his laurels; and there is appended to the present volume a note by Mr. W. Fairbairn, which puts in the clearest light the history of the rival claims as to the discovery of the steam engine. Arago, in the peroration of his eloquent *éloge*, after referring to the ages of Augustus and of Louis XIV., said that "grateful posterity will also speak of the ages of Papin and of Watt!" To associate Papin thus with Watt, as the inventor of the steam engine, is to give him a prominence to which he is in no way entitled. Papin was a contemporary of Newton, and laboured in the same field as Savery, in experiments on the effects of steam as a motive power; but he never attempted to apply that power to the organic parts of an

engine calculated to overcome the resistance of a load, such as the propulsion of machinery, or the raising water from mines. The discovery of an element of power, as Mr. Fairbairn truly remarks, is a totally different thing from its application through the organic parts of a machine. Mr. Muirhead's recent work has supplied ample materials for tracing the development of the invention in the hands of Watt; and Mr. Fairbairn's note gives a concise and conclusive summary of the facts and evidence on the whole controversy.

The scientific points on which there is room for dissent from M. Arago's statements are, however, comparatively few. In general all readers are carried along with pleasure by the lucid style and genial tone of the *éloges*. Some of the political allusions have now a strange interest. It is remarkable how the stern republican, in the days when Bonapartism and the empire seemed a mere dream of the past, loved to dwell on the great subject of the national hero-worship. There is scarcely a memoir in which anecdotes of Napoleon are not introduced. When Bonaparte, then General, first received a volume of the *'Mécanique Céleste'* of Laplace, he wrote, "The first six months that I have at disposal will be employed in reading your beautiful work; the words 'six months,' as Arago remarks, depriving the phrase of the character of a common-place compliment, and conveying a just appreciation of the importance and difficulty of the study. Next year, the General, after reading some parts of the work, said it was 'a new occasion for regretting that the force of circumstances had directed him into a career which removed him from the pursuit of science. At all events,' added he, 'I have a strong desire that future generations, upon reading the *'Mécanique Céleste'*, shall not forget the esteem and friendship I entertained towards its author.' In 1812, when Napoleon received the *'Traité du Calcul des Probabilités'*, he wrote thus—"There was a time when I would have read with pleasure your *'Traité du Calcul des Probabilités'*. For the present, I must confine myself to expressing to you the satisfaction which I experience every time that I see you give to the world new works which serve to improve and extend the most important of the sciences, and contribute to the glory of the nation. The advancement and the improvement of mathematical science are connected with the prosperity of the state." The memoir of Baily closes with a beautiful anecdote about the relief brought to the widow of the old mayor of Paris after the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte was Consul, and Laplace Minister of the Interior. The first evening of his instalment, Laplace asked a pension of 2000 francs for Madame Baily. The Consul granted it, adding the condition that the first half-year should be paid in advance. There are many anecdotes interspersed through the *éloges*, and in his own autobiographical memoir, which is prefixed to this volume, in which M. Arago supplies valuable materials to the general historian as well as the scientific annalist or biographer.

With regard to the translators' notes, as there are no marks to indicate the separate work of the editors whose names appear jointly on the title-page, it is better to refrain from special criticism. Where the object is to explain scientific matters, familiarity with which is sometimes too readily supposed in

the text, the editorial annotations are usually welcome. Less satisfactory are some of those notes in which the author's views are controverted. In regard to Dr. Young and Watt the case is plain enough, and the optical illustrations and arguments appended to the memoirs of Malus and Fresnel are worthy to accompany the text of Arago. But the foot-notes to the *éloge* of Carnot are trivial and in bad taste, and the translator has failed to point out various historical parallels and incidents that might have added to the interest of the memoir.

Germaine. Par Edmond About. W. Jeffs. *Le Cadet de Colobrières.* Par Madame Charles Reybaud. W. Jeffs.

THESE amusing tales form a part of the 'Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer,' of which we have already had occasion to speak favourably. They are admirably adapted, both in matter and form, to amuse the idle hours spent in passing from one end to the other of a railway. They are portable, the type is legible, and the stories such as divert without fatiguing the mind.

Germaine is a tale of high life in Paris. The scene is the Faubourg St. Germain ; the characters, dukes, counts, and barons ; the time, 1853. The Due de la Tour d'Embleuse is an old *roué*, who has spent his fortune at play ; and, when the book opens, he is living with his wife and daughter in a wretched lodging. Here he endeavours to maintain his luxurious tastes ; and the duchesse and her daughter, Germaine, who are blindly attached to him, deprive themselves even of the necessities of life in order to supply him with a roast partridge and a lobster for breakfast. This picture of feminine disinterestedness is perhaps a little exaggerated. It seems drawn from books rather than nature ; and M. About betrays the source of the idea by quoting a sentiment placed in the mouth of a woman of the people by M. Gayarni. *Mon homme, un chien fini : mais le roi des hommes.* Yes, but this dame no doubt scolded her husband while she loved him, and said things to him which she would have torn out any one else's eyes for saying. Madame d'Embleuse never resents her husband's ill-treatment, even by a word or a gesture. This is unnatural.

Under these privations her health and that of her daughter, Germaine, gradually give way. The latter is believed to be in a rapid decline, and is given over by the physician, M. le Bris, who, by the way, is one of M. About's most successful delineations. He is a thorough physician, but owes his success quite as much to his knowledge of the mind, as to his knowledge of the body. He is the confidant of all his patients ; and, from a professional desire to alleviate pain, endeavours to cure both body and mind, whenever the state of the latter interferes with the healthy working of the former.

It happens that while he is attending Germaine de la Tour d'Embleuse, and endeavouring to mitigate the sufferings of her few remaining days in this world, another of his patients finds himself in want of a very curious commodity. The Comte de Villanera, a Spanish grandee of great wealth, is desirous of legitimizing a son by his mistress, a certain Madame Chermidy, the wife of a naval officer. It seems that by the laws of France this can be done by a subsequent marriage, provided the child is then adopted and acknowledged by the wife.

It strikes M. le Bris, then, that if M. de

Villanera were to marry Germaine, and if she were to acknowledge the child of Madame Chermidy as hers, the thing might be accomplished. The offer is made to the old *roué*, the needy Due de la Tour d'Embleuse, and he accepts it, on condition that his son-in-law shall allow him a handsome income. Madame objects to selling her dying child in this way. But, to every one's surprise, Germaine herself bursts into the room during the decision, and declares that, in order to secure her parents' comfort, she is willing to make the sacrifice. M. About represents this as a saintly resolution. It seems to us, that to make matrimony a matter of pecuniary contract, and to enter upon the marriage state without affection for her husband, and with no intention of fulfilling its duties, is hardly compatible either with delicacy or sanctity. But we have observed several inconsistencies of this description in M. About's *moral*. The Comte de Villanera's sole object in marrying Germaine is to legitimize the illegitimate child of Madame Chermidy. This once accomplished, he wishes that his wife may die, and leave him at liberty to live with, and on her husband's death to marry, the widow Chermidy.

The Comte de Villanera is a true Spaniard, proud, generous, and a good Christian in his way. The only stain on his morality and religion is his connexion with Madame Chermidy, and he is anxious thoroughly to do his duty by his dying wife, notwithstanding the strange manner of his wooing. With a view to her recovery, though her recovery is the last thing that he or his mistress would desire, he takes Germaine to Nice, and thence to Corfu, where she is almost miraculously restored to health. In the mean time the Count has gradually fallen in love with his wife, who returns his affections. The wonderful thing in this is that any one could love Germaine. She seems to us a most unamiable person. But M. About never makes his characters loveable. Take, for instance, this analysis of Don Diego's affection for his wife :—

"Son affection pour sa femme se composait de charité chrétienne, de compassion pour la faiblesse, et de cette joie amère qu'un homme de cœur a dans l'accomplissement des devoirs difficiles."

He is ugly and awkward, the worthy son of a mother of whom it is said :—*La Comtesse était fière de sa laideur, comme les autres femmes de leur beauté.* M. About adds—*La coquetterie se fourre partout.*

This interesting pair amuse themselves with reading Homer's *Odyssey*, *apropos* of which the following criticism on Homer's translators struck us as thoroughly to the point :—

"C'est un roman de mœurs, le premier qu'on ait écrit, et peut-être le plus beau. Nos auteurs à la mode n'inventeront rien de plus intéressant que l'histoire de ce propriétaire campagnard qui a quitté sa maison pour gagner de l'argent, qui revient après vingt ans d'absence, trouve une armée de faucons installés chez lui pour courir sa femme et manger son bien, et les tue de coups de flèches. Il y a là un drame intéressant, même pour le public des boulevards. * * * Le seul défaut de cette histoire, c'est qu'on nous l'a toujours traduite avec emphase. On a changé en autant de rois les jeunes rustauds qui assiégeaient Pénélope ; on a déguisé la ferme en palais ; et l'on a mis de l'or partout. Si j'osais vous traduire seulement une page, vous seriez émerveillée de la vérité simple et familière du récit ; vous verriez avec quelle joie naïve le poète parle du vin noire et de la viande succulente ; comme il admire les portes bien jointes et les planches bien rabotées ! Vous

verriez surtout comme la nature est décrite avec exactitude, et vous retrouveriez dans mon livre la mer, le ciel et le jardin que voici."

Homer's value as a painter of nature and of ancient manners is recognised and insisted on, and the stiff and unnatural school of criticism, which found its popular embodiment in Pope, is exploded. The way to understand and enjoy Homer is to read him as we should a mediæval romance, and as Boccaccio and the early Grecians read him. The reason that Chapman's version is the best is, because it is most free from that exaggeration and emphases and affectation of what is supposed to be classic dignity which M. About justly deprecates.

The recovery of Germaine and Don Diego's love for her are by no means pleasing to Madame Chermidy, who has remained in Paris. She therefore determines to hasten her victim's death by poison. With a view to this she hires a Jew galley slave, who is out on a ticket-of-leave, as servant to Don Diego, and despatches him to Corfu. This man sets about destroying his mistress by infinitesimal doses of arsenic ; but these only hasten her recovery. At length Madame Chermidy's husband dies. About the same time she receives a letter from Corfu, to say that Germaine, who has had a relapse, is at the point of death, and in order now to make all sure, she herself starts for Corfu. Arrived there, she finds that Germaine is recovered, and she herself is repulsed by Don Diego. She now thinks of nothing but revenge. She arranges a midnight meeting with the Jew, offers him a hundred thousand francs to murder Germaine, and shows him the money in her secretary. The Jew asks for five minutes to reflect, and then coolly tells her that he prefers killing her then and there, and taking the money for himself, to murdering Germaine. Madame Chermidy being thus conveniently removed, there is no obstacle to the happiness of Don Diego and his young wife, who, to crown all, return to Paris and live in splendour.

These incidents strike us English as forced and unnatural ; but there is something to be urged on the part of M. About "in mitigation of judgment." We are an eminently calculating people. If a generous impulse or a strong temptation to crime rises in our minds, we have presence of mind sufficient to weigh all the advantages and disadvantages on both sides of the question ; and the result is, that we generally resist alike generous impulses and temptations to violent crime. Again, a scene is to us a shocking bore. We do not rejoice or excel even in birth-day compliments, much less in harrowing displays of passion. Our novels of course partake of our national character, and are to French novels what a turnpike road is to the passage of the Alps, or a Scotch mist to a thunder-storm in the Pyrenees. Hence French novels are apt to appear to us too highly coloured and melodramatic.

But M. About has some faults which are not attributable to national character. His books smell too much of the midnight oil. We never lose sight of the *homme de lettres* biting the end of his pen as he excogitates a clever situation, a philosophical *bon mot*, or a smart repartee. We never by any chance stumble upon a trait of nature, except it be the nature of the salons and clubs of the Faubourg St. Germain, or the *coulisses* of the opera. As in the plays of Wycherley the intellect is tickled, but though there is often

an attempt at pathos, the affections are never moved. M. About evidently himself feels no interest in the puppets whom he brings on the stage, and his readers naturally follow his example.

On the other hand, the story is developed with great skill. Our critical sagacity is always on the stretch to divine the *dénouement*, which, when it arrives, takes us utterly by surprise. We are introduced to a great variety of characters, all sketched with the practical skill and *esprit* of an *habitué* of good society, accustomed to read men's idiosyncrasies in every minute particular of their countenance, dress, and manners. Every chapter discloses some telling scene, every page sparkles with those light, epigrammatic, and somewhat cynical maxims, in which the French so much excel. After depicting some trait of character, he always stops to generalize in pithy morals like the following:—

"On n'a d'affection durable que pour ses égaux."

"Faire le bien sans s'incommoder, c'est encore de l'egoïsme."

These are amusing, and might take their place with the maxims of La Rochefaucauld, but they give an air of artifice to the story.

"Le Cadet de Colobrières" brings us into contact with a widely different class of characters. The scene is an old château in the south of France; the date, the times immediately preceding the revolution. The plot turns on the old story of a *mésalliance*, and the consequent estrangement of two branches of the family of Colobrières. Cupid, as usual, having made the mischief, is called in to repair it. But even he would have failed, had not the French Revolution come in to pull down the pride of the old seigneur, and oblige him to seek the protection of his roturier nephew.

There is not much novelty in the plot. We discover almost at the opening how the several personages are to "sort themselves" at the "hymeneal altar" in the last chapter. But the characters are drawn with much simplicity and force. The odd mixture of good sense with the absurd pride of caste in the midst of grinding poverty, and the dignity imparted by this pride, are well brought out in M. de Colobrières. For the general truthfulness of Madame Reybaud's picture of country life in a château we can vouch. Most of us form our opinions of the national character of the French from Paris, and the result is that our estimate of the domestic virtues of the French is not high. But we venture to say, that if an Englishman, accustomed to mix with the cottagers of our villages, were to spend six months in a hamlet in the country parts of France, he would return with little inclination to boast of the morality of his own country.

We observe in Madame Reybaud that weakness in portraying male characters which is so remarkable in our own female novelists. Gaston de Colobrières is intended to be a fine fellow, but we never get with him beneath the surface. La Mère Anglique de la Charité, the Superior of the Convent of Notre Dame de la Miséricorde, is her most successful effort. Here is displayed with great power the effect of the religious life upon a mind of fine but robust texture and large sympathies. The system which prevailed before the Revolution, of providing for portionless daughters by placing them in religious houses, is severely commented on.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Residence among the Chinese, Iland, on the Coast, and at Sea. A Narrative of Scenes and Adventures during a Third Visit to China, from 1852 to 1856. By Robert Fortune. Murray.

The Franks, from their First Appearance in History to the Death of King Pepin. By Walter C. Perry. Longman and Co.

The Norse-Folk; or, a Visit to the Homes of Norway and Sweden. By C. Loring Brace. Bentley.

The Odes of Horace, translated into English Verse, with the Original Measures preserved throughout. By Richard W. O'Brien, M.A. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.

History of Wesleyan Methodism, Vol. I. Wesley and his Times. By George Smith, F.A.S. Longman and Co.

Recollections of a Lifetime, in a Series of Familiar Letters to a Friend. By S. G. Goodrich. Two Vols. New York: Miller and Co. London: Low, Son, and Co.

Over the Sea; or, Letters from an Officer in India to his Children at Home. Edited by the Rev. S. A. Pears, B.D. T. Hatchard.

Hawke's Panoramic Guide from Niagara Falls to Quebec. By William S. Hunter, Jun. Boston, U.S.: Jewett and Co.

La Comtesse de Bonneval, Histoire du Temps de Louis XIV. Par Lady Georgina Fullerton. Préface d'une Introduction par P. Douthaire. Barthès et Lowell.

Nothing New. Tales. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Gaieties and Gravities for Holy Days and Holidays. By Charles Hancock.

Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A. Third Series. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Pleasures of Home, A Poem. By the Rev. J. T. Campbell, M.A. Saunders and Otley.

Poems. By Alastor. Saunders and Otley.

THE Annals of Wesleyan Methodism will be chiefly interesting to members of that religious body, but there are many points that bear upon the general history of the Church and of the World. Few movements have been more remarkable in their origin and their results than that which was commenced by John Wesley and his companions. It was not till about the middle of last century that the Methodists were formally separated from the Church of England, but the movement had begun many years before, when Wesley was at Oxford. The leading facts of the rise and progress of Methodism as a distinct denomination are well known, and it is not likely that many who are unconnected with the Society will care to follow all the details narrated by Mr. Smith in his history. As a biographical study the life of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, presents many singular features. As to his learning as well as his zeal and piety there is no difference of opinion, but there has been no little controversy concerning various elements in his personal character. It is from Southey's Life that common opinion on these disputed points has been chiefly formed. One of the most interesting portions of Mr. Smith's book is that in which he shows that before Southey's death his views respecting Wesley's character had been greatly modified, and that he had made preparations for correcting them in a forthcoming edition of his work. He died, however, before this purpose was carried into execution. When the third edition appeared under the editorial superintendence of his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, all the passages which had been objected to in previous editions were reproduced unchanged. Some notes of Coleridge, and of Alexander Knox, the Essayist, were indeed appended; but an editorial remark in the preface gave the reader reason to suppose that Southey's views had in no way been affected by the criticisms and the additional information received from various sources. Mr. Smith charges Mr. Charles Southey with having acted disingenuously in the matter, and he publishes documents which prove that Southey intended to alter some of the statements that had appeared in the early editions. A conversation that took place between Southey and Mr. Carne, F.R.S., &c., of Penzance, is given, in which Mr. Carne affirms that Southey told him he was persuaded he was wrong in supposing Wesley to be actuated by ambitious motives, and that he intended to withdraw that opinion in the new edition. He told Mr. Carne that he was satisfied of his having been in error on that point by a long correspondence with Mr. Knox. But of more weight as evidence

are autograph letters of Southey, one of which, addressed to James Nichols, Esq., of Hoxton, is printed in facsimile. It is dated Keswick, 17th August, 1835. The whole letter is most interesting, and illustrates the conscientious care Southey bestowed on all his literary work. After thanking Mr. Nichols for the use of some books on Wesley that he had not before seen, he says "My intention is to incorporate in it (the new edition) whatever new information has been brought forward by subsequent biographers, and, of course, to correct every error that has been pointed out, or that I myself can discover. Mr. Alexander Knox has convinced me that I was mistaken in supposing ambition entered largely into Mr. Wesley's actuating impulses. Upon the subject he wrote a long and most admirable paper, and gave me permission to affix it to my own work, whenever it might be reprinted. This I shall do, and make such alterations in the book as are required in consequence." This avowal, most honourable to Southey, is conclusive as to the fact of his views having been modified. His son printed the paper of Knox, but concealed the fact of its having influenced his father's opinion. Alluding to the notes of Coleridge and Knox, it is said (and it is here the disingenuousness appears), "Somewhat widely, indeed, do they on many points differ in their estimate; and possibly the reader may be inclined to think the author's judgment of Mr. Wesley, on the whole, the most just and the most impartial one;"—words which undoubtedly convey the idea that the sentiments in the body of the work fairly represented the final judgment of Southey. Into the merits of the dispute we do not wish to enter, but Mr. Smith has done well to bring out so clearly a point of literary importance, affecting the personal honour of Southey as well as the reputation of Wesley. The first volume of Mr. Smith's work brings the history of Methodism down to the time of Wesley's death in 1791.

For young people whose parents are in India, or indeed for any who have friends in the East, the Letters from Over the Sea, by an Officer in the Company's Service, afford pleasant and instructive reading. Written to the author's children in England, and now collected and edited by the Rev. A. S. Pears, Head-Master of Repton School, they contain just the kind of information that one wishes to have about the country and the people of India, and the mode of life of the English in the East. The descriptions of scenery and sketches of native character and customs are graphic and entertaining, and the pictures are all the more vivid from the style being such as was deemed most adapted for youthful readers. The writer visited various places that have not been long familiarly known to Europeans, such as Mando, Ooncan, Adjunta, and the country about the Nerbudda, a district which is now becoming of high importance. Some of the incidents and adventures of the author, in his journeys by land and by water, are amusingly told, and woodcut illustrations help to convey clear conceptions of many of the objects described. It is some years since the letters were written, for they narrate circumstances that happened while Sir Charles Napier was Commander-in-chief, but the accounts of native life and manners are little affected by the lapse of time. After describing some place in the Nerbudda, the author says, "If one had passed through that village two thousand years ago, he would have seen it looking just as it does now; just such bullocks turning just such mills; just such women in just such clothing, carrying just such water-pots; just such men, living in just such huts; and just such children playing in just such dirt." There are many signs elsewhere, however, of wonderful changes having commenced in oriental life. The railway is penetrating the jungles and forests of India; the electric telegraph is at work over the whole peninsula; schools are everywhere springing up, where the language and learning of the rulers of the country are taught; and at one place the author visited a native school, where he examined the boys

in algebra, geometry, history, and geography, and was astonished at the quickness with which they answered. They would do any proposition in Euclid, or work a quadratic equation as quickly as any English boys he had ever seen, and other things equally well, and in this case it was all done in their own language, English not being taught at that school. Many similar incidents are related, which show the remarkable progress that is making among the natives, and which betoken still greater changes in the East.

Hunter's Panoramic or Pictorial Map of the St. Lawrence River, from Niagara Falls to Quebec, is on the plan familiar to most of our readers who have been up or down the Rhine. The map, as it gradually unfolds, presents the places of interest on either side of the river, with pictures and explanatory remarks, the subsequent letterpress giving fuller descriptive or statistical notices, illustrated by woodcuts of a better kind than usually appear in American books. From Quebec to the sea there are still seven hundred miles of sailing, but the upper portion of the river passes through the country that usually is spoken of as "the scenery of St. Lawrence" and of the lakes. English tourists would do well to study this map in London, so as to obtain, with the least expenditure of time, a knowledge of the chief features of the country on the shores of the great St. Lawrence river.

As the entertainers of Jem Bags, the wandering minstrel, insisted that he was a lord in disguise, so the readers of the announcement of "Nothing New" will be unwilling to believe that this is not the title of a new tale by the author of "John Halifax." But the words are to be literally and truly read, the contents of these two volumes being merely a *rechauffée* of old stories that have appeared in the "National," "Fraser's," and the "Dublin University" Magazines, in "Household Words," and in "Chambers' Journal." They will be new to many readers, nevertheless; and will even bear re-perusal. Lord Erliston, Alwyn's First Wife; M. Anastasius; The Water Cure; The Last House in C—Street; A Family in Love; A Low Marriage; and The Double House, are the titles of the tales, some of which will be remembered with pleasure by magazine readers. The Last House in C—Street is one of the best-told ghost stories that we have seen, and suggests recollections of many well-authenticated cases of unaccountable intimations of events passing at a distance. Except by denial of the testimony, it is impossible to explain how the knowledge of a death is communicated by physical means at the very time of its occurrence. Such instances are on record, and the agency of spiritual beings is called in to account for the mystery. The Water Cure will most amuse some readers, and the Double House surprise others; and indeed we scarcely expected to find so much variety of invention in the writer of "John Halifax."

Mr. Charles Hancock's Gaieties and Gravities consist of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse, more remarkable for variety of subject than for merit of treatment. The author seems to claim credit for the amount of his literary labours, as the general index presents a careful statement of the number of lines of rhyme in the volume, which amount to 5324. Some of the poems are in the Peter Pindar school, familiar topics being discussed in a broadly humorous manner. Which are meant as the gaieties and which the gravities in the collection it is not always easy to determine, some of the pieces with grave headings being likely to excite the reader's amusement, while others, evidently intended to be jocose, are somewhat dull and ponderous.

Although the sermons of the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, appear under great disadvantage, they amply sustain the high reputation he had attained, when, alas! too early removed from his sphere of labour. They were not prepared for publication by himself, nor, indeed, were they written before they were preached, but for the most part are prepared from recollections of the discourses, written out by a hearer the day after

delivery, for the perusal of some friends at a distance. Even in this incomplete form their merit is remarkable, and the public approval of them has been testified by the sale of four editions of the first series in two years, and three editions of the second series in little less than twelve months. The third series now published will doubtless be equally popular. There are serious deficiencies and errors in doctrinal statements, the distinctive truths of the Christian system have not the prominence that is their due, and a tendency to rationalistic theology pervades the discourses. But we cannot tell how far these defects may be chargeable on the reporter of the sermons. In earnestness of practical appeal, and in eloquent and graceful diction, Mr. Robertson had few rivals, and these characteristics are sufficient to account for his unusual popularity. An engraving from a bust sculptured after death forms the frontispiece to this volume.

New Editions.

History of the Royal Sappers and Miners. By T. W. J. Connolly. Two Vols. Second Edition. Longman and Co. *Miscellanies, Prose and Verse.* By W. M. Thackeray. Vol. IV. Bradbury and Evans.

The Poetical Works of the late Richard S. Gidney. Second Edition. Edited by James Ogden, M.D. New York: Appleton and Co. London: Whittaker and Co.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Thackeray's Miscellanies contains the Fitz-Doodle Papers, Men's Wives, A Shabby-Genteel Story, and the History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond—a collection that will amuse and delight the admirers of the first of modern humorists and satirists.

Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

The English Bread-book for Domestic Use. By Eliza Acton. *England and Her Colonies; or, the Progress of Unity.* By Robert Fletcher. *The Principles of Collegiate Education Discussed and Elucidated in a Description of Gnoll College.* E. Stanford. *Isthmus of Suez Ship Canal. Report and Plan of the International Scientific Commission.* J. Weale.

EVERY man has his own baker, or at least every house to have its own bakery, is the purport of Eliza Acton's new book for domestic use, *The English Bread-Book*. The clever author of "Modern Cookery" assures the reader that the trouble and difficulty of home bread-baking are overrated, and that there is nothing to hinder every family from performing this operation, as well as the other ordinary processes of the kitchen. There is no reason, she says, why we should not become independent of others in the preparation of what is the food of all, the chief food of many, and almost the sole food of many more. Everything which relates to its consumption or economy is therefore of interest; not to speak of the frightful adulterations to which the residents in great towns are said now to be constantly exposed. The whole philosophy and practice, as well as the history of the subject of bread-making, in its plain and its fancy forms, are elaborately set down in Miss Acton's treatise. Bachelors in London or elsewhere have little direct interest in the practical part of the work, but they will be highly amused as well as shocked by many of the descriptions of the art and mystery of baking as managed by the craft, and may obtain additional inducement to put themselves into a position to eat of household or home-baked bread. Cobbett in his day expressed, in strong terms, his concern at the degeneracy of English housewives, many of whom knew nothing of the making of bread. Every woman, he says, high or low, ought to know how to bake. The idea of servants, who are the children of the labouring classes, not knowing how to make bread, he thought scandalous; and it was nearly as bad that so few mistresses could direct them. It is even worse since Cobbett's time, and this branch of household management is almost wholly given over to the bakers in London and its neighbourhood at least. It is not so, however, in all towns, for we believe that in Bury, for instance, with fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, there are not more than two bakers. Every woman in Suffolk, town or country, knows how to make

bread. The perusal of the bread book will convince any one how easy it would be for many households to return to a usage so conducive to health and economy. Minute directions are given for setting to work on the smallest scale, and for making the bread, even though it may be sent to a public oven for baking.

The speculations in Mr. Fletcher's book on England and her Colonies take a wide range, and are not very precise or practical in their application. In the closing sentence of the treatise the writer's ideas are thus summed up—"A people is happy, when out of the varieties of characters, the fusion of races, the extent and complication of relations, the co-operation of all under the simple yet profound protectorate of government, such ample scope is afforded for progress in unity, as shall raise up the social aggregate into a national incarnation of that prime excellence which includes all the rest, and is at once the foundation of imperial right and the crown of imperial duty—the motive and test of all virtue, and the source of all that is good and beautiful—Benevolence." Let the reader make what he can of this high-flown proposition, the demonstration of the means of attaining which is attempted in Mr. Fletcher's work.

A recent advertisement in the public journals for professors, on terms unusually liberal, was probably to many the first intimation of the existence of Gnoll College, in the Vale of Neath, near Swansea, South Wales. There is now published a full statement of the origin and plan of the Institution, with a general treatise on the principles of Collegiate Education adapted to the requirements of England in these times. The great principle is the provision of systematic instruction in the branches of knowledge, the application of which has formed and extended the various departments of national industry and enterprise. In the Continental States, schools of science and of art have been established on a scale and to an extent yet unattempted in England. In Scotland and at Belfast such institutions have been long successfully carried on, and the pupils trained at them have supplied a large proportion of the managers and overseers of mining, engineering, chemical, and manufacturing establishments in all parts of the empire. The objects of Gnoll College are the elucidation of scientific principles and the practical application of science to the public service and to the chief branches of national industry. Mathematics, mechanics, physics, chemistry, natural history, human history, design, are the branches for which separate professorships are at once to be founded, while special courses of lectures on occasional subjects will be also given. The district in which Gnoll College is placed is peculiarly favourable for carrying out most of the practical measures proposed by the founders for the training of the pupils. So much depends, however, on the efficiency of the staff at the head of the College, that it is needless to enlarge on the details of scheme which on paper appears admirable. It only remains at present to observe that Gnoll College starts under the most favourable auspices, and that the names of Dr. Thirwall, Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Conybeare, Dean of Llandaff, and a long list of noble, reverend, and influential names, headed by that of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, appears as a guarantee of the active co-operation of the residents of the district. We shall notice with interest the progress of the Institution towards working order.

On paper, the scheme for the canalization of the Isthmus of Suez appears feasible as well as magnificent; and the Egyptian Government, under the advice of the engineers of all nations, forming the Scientific Commission having charge of the scheme, is making a strenuous effort to carry into execution this dream of old times. From the days of the Pharaohs and the Cessars to those of Napoleon the proposal has been entertained, and the Mahometan Caliphs made no small progress in the work of uniting the two seas. But the project will be of no great avail for international or for commercial purposes, except the canal be on a scale for ad-

mitting the passage of ships of large burden. If it were necessary to unload the cargoes, and then re-ship them at the other side of the Isthmus, no great advantage would be gained. To make a canal capable of forming a passage for the navies of the world to and from India, is the ambitious design of the present Viceroy of Egypt, Mohammed Said, and of M. de Lesseps and his European coadjutors. The subject has been warmly taken up in France, and the political influence of that nation in Egypt at this time has had no slight effect in bringing the scheme to the position that it now assumes. The works of excavation in the interior are rapidly proceeding, but the grand difficulties remain yet to be met. The shallowness of the water at both extremities of the canal, and the certainty of the depth, if artificially created, being destroyed by silting—these form the natural obstacles to the success of the scheme. It was this which led M. Lepère to abandon the idea of a direct cutting across the Isthmus from Suez to Pelusium, when appointed by Napoleon to report on the practicability of the attempt. It is now proposed to meet the difficulty by constructing immense piers or jetties carried out into deep water from the ends of the canal. It is here that the scheme becomes visionary. The estimate for the whole works is about 8,000,000l.; but the construction of these piers, which must consist of miles of masonry to be of permanent use, would absorb more than that amount. The stone must all be brought from distance, and the mere cost of transporting the materials would be ruinous. Let the sanguine projectors examine the cost of our Plymouth breakwater, where the stone is quarried on the spot, and which is a small undertaking compared with their gigantic piers, and they will see the hopelessness of the scheme. Except some better plan may be suggested for overcoming the difficulties of the shallow waters of the seas on both sides of the Isthmus, the scheme can only have a partial and temporary success. Those who are interested in the question will find full information in the 'Reports of the International Scientific Commission, with Appendix and Plans, and the latest Official Documents.' A popular statement of the objects and progress of the works is given in Mr. Kenny's brochure, entitled 'The Gates of the East,' of which a second edition has lately been issued. A deputation is now in this country, seeking to obtain financial support for the undertaking, with what success remains to be seen.

List of New Books.

Andersen's (H. C.) *To be or not to be*, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. Armstrong's (J.) *Parochial Sermons*, 2nd edit., 12mo, cloth, 5s. Arnold's (M.) *Poems*, 2nd edit., foolscap, cloth, 5s. Ashford's (J.) *Italy's Hope*, post 8vo, cloth, 4s. Bennett's (C. H.) *Shadows*, small 4to, 2s. 6d.; coloured, 3s. 6d. Bernatz's (J. M.) *Scenes in Europe*, folio, half-bound, 6s. 6d. Bishop's (D.) *The Mind*, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Bohn's Classical Library—*Aristotle's Metaphysics*, post 8vo, cl., 5s. Antiquarian Library—*Petigrew's Chron. of the Tombs*, 5s. Boyce's (Rev. E. J.) *Sermons*, 2nd edit., post 8vo, cloth, 6s. Bungener's (L. F.) *Julian*, 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth, 6s. Carvosso's (Rev. B.) *Memor*, 18mo, cloth, 3s. Chalmers' *Works*, crown 8vo, cloth, vol. 12, 6s. Cicero's *Orations against Catiline* (Hamiltonian), 12mo, cloth, 4s. Cooke's *Orations*, 2nd edit., post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. D'Orsay's *The Princess of Clèves*, &c., post 8vo, cloth, 8s. Family Economist, post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 7s. 6d. Fell (Dr. J. W.) *On Cancer*, 8vo, cloth, 5s. Fletcher's (L.) *England and her Colonies*, post 8vo, cloth, 5s. Fortune's (R.) *Residence with the Chinese*, 3rd visit, 8vo, cl., 16s. Fox (Rev. B.) *Holy Church*, 18mo, cloth, 2s. Gedney's (R. S.) *Poetical Works*, 2nd edit., 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. Ginsburg's (C. D.) *Songs*, 8vo, cloth, 10s. Good's *Antidote to Balaam*, the Ardent, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Gotthold's *Education*, and series, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. Gould's (S. H.) *Path of the Just*, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Johnson's (G. W.) *British Ferns*, foolscap, cloth, 3s. 6d. Jones's *Catechism of Medicine and Eye and Ear*, 2s. 6d. Kirkpatrick's (E.) *University* (The), crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. Lawrence's (H.) *Treasure Seeker's Daughter*, 12mo, boards, 1s. McCarthy's (D. F.) *Under Impres*, 12mo, cloth, 5s. Magdalene School, foolscap 8vo, cloth, 5s. Menzies's (J.) *Common Things in the Plain*, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 4d. Nina, by S. M., 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d. Orsini's *Memoirs*, &c., by himself, translated by G. Carbonel, 6s. Peregrine Bance, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d. Perrin's *Manchester Hand-Book Illustrated*, 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d.; sd., 1s. Rendle's (W.) *Ruins of Kenilworth*, foolscap 8vo, cloth, 6s. Smith's (A.) *Mont Blanc*, 2nd edit., 12mo, cloth, 5s. Statue Shrine, 12mo, sewed, 5s. Stow's *Annales of London*, 8vo, 1 vol., in 4, each vol. 2s. Sturge's *Texts and Hymns for Children*, square, cl., 4s.; limp, 3s. Telemachus, *Adventures of*, by E. W. S., post 8vo, cloth, 8s. Whewell's *History of Inductive Sciences*, 3rd edit., 8vo, cl., 21s. Wood's *Common Objects of the Seashore*, 12mo, boards, 1s. Young's (Mrs.) *Moslem Noble*, post 8vo, cloth, 12s.

ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

EXPERIMENT ON THE SUN'S ACTINIC POWER.

PHOTOGRAPHERS will be interested in perusing the following account of an experiment made by J. J. Waterston, Esq., in Bombay, and recently communicated to the Astronomical Society, on the limit of photographic power of the Sun's direct light. It was made with the view of obtaining data in an inquiry as to the possibility of measuring the diameter of the Sun to a very minute fraction of a second by combining photography with the principle of the electric telegraph: the first being employed to measure the element space, the latter the element time. The result is, that about one twenty-thousandth of a second is sufficient exposure to the direct light of the Sun to obtain a distinct mark on a sensitive collodion plate, when developed by the usual processes.

A circular wooden disk, nineteen inches diameter and half-an-inch thick, was mounted on an iron axis, so that it revolved easily by an impulse given by pressing the finger with a jerk on the outer edge.

About half-an-inch from the rim there was a circular aperture half-an-inch diameter, at the back of which the black paper was pasted. This paper was perforated by a needle, leaving a hole $\frac{1}{6}$ -inch diameter. It was found that the utmost velocity that could be given to the disk was five revolutions in a second; and after four seconds, it was reduced to three revolutions per second. At each revolution the space described by the hole was about fifty inches.

The revolving disk was placed behind the folding-doors of a darkened chamber, so that when one wing was opened to the extent of a few inches, the Sun's light struck the disk at the lower part of its revolution. Having made the preliminary arrangements, the observation was as follows:—

First, the maximum rotatory motion was given to the disk. A prepared sensitive plate was held close behind the disk (about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch from it), at the part where the sunshine struck. This plate was kept slowly moving in the direction of the radius of the disk. An assistant quickly opened and shut the door, allowing the sunshine to act for about a second. The latent image on the plate being developed, was found to consist of four or five concentric lines. This was repeated several times with different plates.

Taking the velocity of the aperture to be 150 inches per second, which is certainly under the mark, and the breadth of the hole $\frac{1}{6}$ th of an inch, the duration of the Sun's full action on any one point must have been about $\frac{1}{5000}$ th of a second.

The photographic process employed was as follows:—

"Albumen on glass iodized by tincture of iodine, 20 gr. to 1 oz. of spirit.

"The silver bath, 50 gr. nitrate of silver to 1 oz. water, and 12 drops nitric acid.

"The developing solution three parts water to one of acetic acid, and the mixture nearly saturated with protosulphate of iron."

The above was afterwards tried comparatively with the collodion process, and found to be considerably inferior in quickness of taking an impression, the ratio being 2 or 3 to 1.

THE CHISWICK FETE.

THE great horticultural experiment of the season has been tried. The question whether the attractions of Chiswick could be revived has been answered in the affirmative; and those who fancied that the Horticultural Society was dead and buried have met with an agreeable surprise. Never before have a finer or more varied mass of plants been collected on that celebrated ground, nor have they, on any former occasion, been so well displayed. The garden too was in a state of unusual beauty; no late frosts had ruined the tender foliage of spring; the turf was green and soft, gay flowers in abundance met the eye in all directions, and the alterations made with so much taste by Mr. M'Ewen in

what is called the American garden, although but six weeks old, were quite in a condition to be appreciated. Rhododendrons and Azaleas were glowing with crimson and yellow and purple and white in all directions, and left no room for doubt, on the part of the most indifferent spectator, that American plants are only to be seen in perfection by displaying them in the free air to the bright sun, arranged as they would be where Nature is the artist.

The principal changes in the arrangements of the Exhibition were the conversion of the large conservatory into an exhibition hall, and the display of Roses and some other plants without tables. The conservatory was fitted up with stages on each side, between which along the middle passed a gravel walk, ending in a large semicircular mass of noble plants remarkable for their fine foliage, contributed by Messrs. Veitch. On one side were Orchids in great profusion, among which a collection from Mr. Rucker, in wondrous beauty, stood pre-eminent. His *Laelia cinnabarinum* and *Laelia purpurata* excelled anything we had seen before; while a beautiful specimen of *Saccolabium curvifolium*, a very difficult plant to manage, and a noble example of that large form of *Aerides crispum* which Dr. Wight calls *Aerides Lindleyanum*, bore testimony to the great horticultural skill of Mr. Rucker's gardener. On the left of the entrance were superb specimens of Ferns, among which we venture to single out *Gleichenia flabellata*, from Mr. Parker, of Hornsey, as the finest species in the garden, or perhaps in cultivation. We did not suppose it possible to have brought the plant to such perfection. In the conservatory, too, were displayed all the new plants of any importance, and among these were some of very unusual interest. First stood the *Thujopsis dolabratifolia* from Messrs. Veitch, and *Abies Kämpferi*, the Golden Fir Tree of China, from both Messrs. Veitch and Mr. Glendinning, two new hardy trees that claim rank with *Abies Douglasii*, *Pinsapo*, *Wellingtonia*, and the other prides of that noble race. Less interesting than these, only because hardy trees are of more importance than hardy herbaceous plants, were magnificent specimens of *Farfugium grande* which we have so often described already as a noble acquisition, placed by Mr. Fortune in the hands of Mr. Glendinning. After these came many fine things, chiefly from Messrs. Veitch, especially an extremely pretty *Thibaudia*, with globular crimson flowers melting into snow white at the tips; a hardy blue *Californian Ceanothus*, called *Lobbii*, somewhat resembling *C. papillosus*; *Rhododendron Veitchii*, the very handsome new species which gained a first class prize in Regent Street a few weeks since; a most beautiful *Perretta*, loaded with myriads of white blossoms like little halbstones; and a stately *Grevillea*, called *Drummondii*: these were in flower. Other novelties, merely shown by Messrs. Veitch for their foliage, were a couple of species of *Theophrasta*, *Hippomane spinosa*, and *Rhopalum Skinneri*, capital plants of their class, and a purple leaved variegated twining *Cissus* which promises well. *Chysis Limminghi*, a very pretty Orchid with white flowers striped with purple, came from Messrs. Backhouse, of York, and a large leaved majestic *Melastomad*, called *Cyanophyllum magnificum*, second to none in beauty, appeared from Mr. Linden.

Roses were disposed under a large tent in circles formed on the lawn, and surrounded by a deep turf border, and the effect thus produced was charming. Let the lovers of florists' *Pelargoniums* say what they will, the "fancies" still stood first in the opinion of spectators; and most beautiful things they were.

Fruit was scanty, but good; and the Vines in pots contributed by Mr. Forsyth, gr. to Baron Rothschild at Gunnersbury, and Mr. Iveson, gr. to the Duke of Northumberland at Sion, gave considerable beauty to the tables. Vegetables, as a branch of the exhibition, were a total failure; although a few good examples were seen among them.

The manufacturers' department conducted, as we always anticipated, very much to the interest

of the day. Vases, baskets, and stands filled with gay flowers profusely distributed over and along the principal walks, richly glowing with colours, produced the happiest effect. Numerous tents, white, grey, striped, and brown, of various patterns, were pitched upon the lawn; while in other places collections of tools, engines, machines, glass ware, protecting materials, beehives, boilers, and all sorts of heating apparatuses, cement work, &c., were arranged in groups without cover, or under tents, or in some of the pattern greenhouses erected for exhibition on this occasion. The public has free access to the Society's garden for a week, to afford opportunity for every one to study these manufactured articles, which to be appreciated must be carefully examined. A Catalogue, with full descriptions of most of the articles, is on sale in the garden.

During the afternoon the grounds of Chiswick House, which were in all their beauty, were a scene of great attraction, his grace the Duke of Devonshire having thrown them open to the Society's visitors with his accustomed kindness and consideration.

As had been previously arranged, the exhibition remained open on Thursday, for the convenience of those who did not use their tickets on the previous day, and of the purchasers of the lower-priced admissions, and the result was one of the largest assemblages of company that had visited the gardens for many years.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting.

A CROWDED meeting of this Society was held, on Monday, at its house, 15, Whitehall-place; Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.

The Council Report stated that during the past year no less than 173 had been added to the list of Fellows, besides whom, Captain Hartstene of the American navy, late in command of Her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, and Professor Munch, of Christiania, had been elected Honorary members. In the list of deceased Fellows were the late Presidents, the Earl of Ellesmere and Admiral F. W. Beechey. The Society had also to regret the loss of Baron Hammer-Purgstall, of Vienna, and several other eminent geographers. The Society consists now of 970. Its finances were in a most promising condition, and the receipts under each head exceeded the amounts calculated upon, while the expenditure had in every case been kept within the estimates. Under these circumstances, an additional sum of 400*l.* had been invested in the funds, and 500*l.* deposited at interest in the Union Bank of London. Besides the valuable property of the Society, the capital invested in the New Three per Cent. Stock amounts now to 3,000*l.* The 26th volume of the 'Journal,' and four numbers of the 'Proceedings,' edited by the Secretary, Dr. Norton Shaw, had been published and presented free to the Fellows.

The libraries of the Committee of Council on Education, of the Geographical Society of Darmstadt, and of the Museum of Natural History of Strasburg, had been added to the list of institutions to which the publications of the Society are presented. The map-rooms had been consulted for the purposes of scientific research, and the accessions amounted to not less than 21 atlases and 6225 maps and charts, and 700 volumes to the library. Among the expeditions particular attention was directed to the successful issue of the one to North Australia, under Mr. Gregory; and also to that to East Africa, under Captain Burton.

Mention was also made to the proposed explorations of British North America, from Lake Superior, across the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific and Vancouver Islands; to the expedition up the Niger, under Dr. Baikie; and to the proposed exploration of Borneo by Lieutenant de Crespigny, R.N., F.R.G.S. The Secretary has also again officiated, at the request of the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council on Education, as one of the examiners of lecturers in geography.

On the motion of the Bishop of St. Asaph,

seconded by Mr. Crawfurd, the Report was unanimously received and adopted.

The President then delivered the Founder's Gold Medal to the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, as the representative of Mr. A. C. Gregory, the commander of the North Australian Expedition, for his important explorations in Western and Northern Australia. In presenting this medal, the President gave a brief description of the various expeditions on which Mr. Gregory had served. He believed the centre of Australia to be an uninhabitable desert, probably the bottom of a dried-up ocean, which must preclude all communication between the different colonies, except by the coast range, or by sea. The united journeys performed by Mr. Gregory extended to between 6000 and 7000 miles, through countries previously untraversed by civilized man, during which the various points had been accurately determined by astronomical and other observations. This expedition had also clearly defined the character of that fine basin of North Australia, which might at no distant day become a British colony. Sir Roderick was glad to say that Mr. Gregory had been in the first place recommended to command this expedition by himself.

Mr. Labouchere, on receiving the medal, expressed the gratification it gave him to be enabled to convey so well merited a mark of the Society's approbation to Mr. Gregory. He then explained the grounds upon which Mr. Gregory, upon the recommendation of the Society, had been chosen for the command of the expedition—a task which he had discharged in so meritorious a manner, and expressed his confident belief that the gold medal of the Society would be valued by Mr. Gregory as the highest reward that could be conferred upon him—coming as it did from those so competent to judge of what had been achieved.

The Patron's gold medal was next delivered to Colonel Everest, on behalf of Colonel A. S. Waugh, the Surveyor General of India, for his geodetical operations, as remarkable for their extent and accuracy, whereby widely extended tracts, hitherto partially or wholly unexplored, have been covered by triangulation of the most accurate order, and geographical data of the highest value have been added to our knowledge of that interesting and important region. Colonel Everest, under whom Colonel Waugh had served, and who eventually succeeded him, made a few appropriate observations on receiving the medal.

The President then delivered the address on the progress of geography during the past year, commencing with the obituary of the deceased Fellows, and alluding in eloquent and feeling terms to the Society's two deceased Presidents, Rear-Admiral Beechey and the Earl of Ellesmere; he proceeded briefly to notice the labours of the Society, and to pass in rapid review the additions which had of late been made to geographical knowledge and the discoveries in all parts of the world. In the course of a long and able discourse, Sir Roderick successively descended upon M. Kleghorn's theory of the wear and tear of our coasts, the projected telegraph, the discoveries of Dr. Livingston and others in Africa, the proposed final Arctic search, the various leading topics, winding up his address with a reference to the growing utility and acknowledged importance of the Society, and to the inadequacy of its present accommodation for its steadily increasing numbers.

A vote of thanks was then passed to the President, on the motion of Sir H. Rawlinson, seconded by Sir George Back, for his able address, with a request that he would allow it to be printed.

The scrutineers having reported that the changes as recommended by the Council had been adopted, a vote of thanks was passed to the retiring members of the Council, the Auditors, and the Scrutineers.

The Anniversary was celebrated by a Dinner in the evening at the Freemasons' Tavern, when Sir Roderick Murchison was supported by a number of the leading members of the Society. After the usual loyal toasts, that of the "Army and Navy" was coupled with the names of General Sir Charles

Pasley and Rear-Admiral Sir George Back, who briefly responded. The Chairman next proposed the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Royal Geographical Society," coupling it with the name of Sir H. Rawlinson, the earliest gold medalist of the Society in the room, and adverted more particularly to his travels and researches in Susiana and Persian Kurdistan, and to the new light he had thrown on the comparative geography of Western Asia. Sir Henry, in responding to the toast, cited his own case as an instance of the incentive which the medals of the Society held out to travellers and geographers to distinguish themselves, and also commented upon the fact, that whilst most other scientific societies of the metropolis were deplored the falling off in their members, the Royal Geographical Society was threatened with an absolute plethora of prosperity; this he mainly ascribed to the practical nature of its pursuits, which were equally beneficial to the politician, the merchant, and the man of science. The Right Hon. E. Cardwell then proposed "The Health of the President, Sir Roderick Murchison," and commenced by paying a graceful tribute to his predecessor in office, Rear-Admiral Beechey. He commented upon the career of Sir Roderick, and dwelt upon the benefit the Society had derived from his having devoted his efforts so steadily and earnestly to its interests. "Success to the projected final search for Sir John Franklin" was then drunk, with which the names of Captain McClinton, Captain Allen Young, and Lieutenant Hodgson, were coupled. "The health of the Explorers of Distant Regions," with which the name of Dr. Livingston was connected, was then drunk with more than usual warmth. Dr. Livingston, in responding to the toast, alluded to the great encouragement the Society offered to travellers in distant regions by bringing their discoveries to the notice of their fellow men, marking its sense of the value of their labours, and rewarding with its medals those who had assisted in opening up unknown lands. He concluded with some remarks with reference to his travels in Africa. "The Scientific Bodies of London" was coupled with the name of, and responded to, by Mr. Leonard Horner. "Our Periodical Literature and the Press" was responded to by Mr. Charles Dickens, who alluded to the services rendered by the press, and its willingness to lend its aid to all that was calculated to advance education and assist in the enlightenment of the community. The Geography of Australia, associated with the name of Sir Charles Nicholson, was then drunk and responded to; and finally, "The Officers of the Society," coupled with the name of the Secretary, Dr. Norton Shaw, was received with applause.

ART TREASURES EXHIBITION.

THE saloon on the north side of the orchestral corresponding to that on the south, where the Hertford collection of paintings is hung, is devoted to works of oriental art, if art it can be called. As soon as we enter it we feel ourselves in the presence of a civilization differing wholly from our own. Everything looks rich and ugly and weak. We never can realize what national antipathies mean till we come in contact with orientals. Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, are all members of the great European family. The same spirit pervades their art, and they all appeal to the same class of emotions. But the barbaric splendour of the oriental nations finds no response in the taste of a European. The native Indian and Chinese pictures which adorn the walls are finished with great neatness, but they have about as much artistic feeling in them as a child's drawing of *Timothy the Cat*. Their swords are exquisitely tempered perhaps, and the hilts and scabbards are of the most gorgeous materials; but they look like toys. We could not get our hands within the guard. In their carved ornaments they display much ingenuity and great perseverance; but the forms look small and weak and stunted. All their ornaments, like their hideous idols, have a sensual, big-bellied appear-

ance, and excite a certain feeling of disgust in a European. Asia, too, like Europe, appears to be animated by a distinctive spirit. Here are specimens of various works of art from Persia, Hindostan, Siam, China, Japan, Ceylon; but the character of all is identical. The art-feeling is of a lower moral tone than that of Europe. We feel at once that the people who are animated by it must be both physically and morally less robust than those who have produced the works which we had before been studying. So true is it also that the character of a people is denoted by the character of their art. After the age of Augustus there is a visible decline in Roman Art. The decay of the mediæval system is marked by the gradual decline in architecture and sculpture, and its total dissolution by the rise of the *renaissance* or pseudo-classic school, the most unmeaning and purposeless that has ever appeared in Europe. We have yet to learn what school of art is to characterize the nineteenth century, for now, like the Irishman and the different kinds of whiskey, we are trying them all, and have not yet made up our minds which to stick to.

Of oriental art we have in this saloon an excellent specimen. The walls are hung with some paintings of domestic scenes by native Indian and Persian artists. The picture from the palace of the Shah of Persia, representing that potentate among his nobles, and giving audience to the European ambassadors, is the most meritorious. The drawings of tombs and mosques by some native Indian artists are curious; and the representation of a native dance is not without a certain spirit. There is some attempt at perspective, but it is rather too like the "willow-pattern" for perfect beauty. These occupy but a small portion of the walls, and what remains is covered with mats, shawls, cloths, coverlets, and other fabrics.

Ranged round the room are cases stored with various articles of interest. One of these cases contains some specimens of Indian silk and cotton fabrics of surprising lightness, richness, and splendour. Gold-thread appears to be woven in with the other material, whether silk or cotton, and imparts a beautiful brilliancy to the fabric. There is a peculiar propriety in exhibiting these specimens of the textile art in the great cotton metropolis.

Another case is devoted to articles in carved wood and ivory from India. Another contains costly specimens of Indian arms. Here are ghastly looking sabres and yataghans, which look as if they were made to be held by boys, or in the long, narrow hands of some of the monkey tribe: pistols and guns and daggers, with inlaid and jewelled hilts. Then we come upon some jewellery of great minuteness and beauty of a particular kind. It is not, indeed, the artistic beauty of the Limoges enamels. It is different from the broad solidity of the modern plate exhibited by the Queen. It is, in fact, oriental—minute and ingenious. Then we come upon some of the hideous Buddhist idols—as different from the Apollo or the Venus as a Bengalee is from Plato. The clever photographs, by an English artist, of some of the most magnificent of the Buddhist temples, are very interesting. Here again we might illustrate the difference between the Asiatic and European character, by a comparison of these with the Parthenon or the Cathedral of Cologne. One case is devoted to the well-known Chinese lace-like carvings in ivory. In another is a pack of curious Indian playing-cards; and among various articles of domestic use, we observed a cup extremely like those used in the Christian church for the celebration of the eucharist. It was probably copied by a native workman from a chalice brought into the country by some mediæval missionary.

In the middle of the room is a sort of tent on a slightly raised platform. Outside it are piles of arms, rich crimson velvet saddles, a diminutive suit of chain-armour, an umbrella of costly fabric, and some articles of oriental furniture. The inside is fitted up as a sitting apartment. In

the middle stands a small inlaid chess-table; on the floor is a rich carpet, and round the sides are the cushions upon which the Asiatics recline. Some dresses of those beautiful oriental fabrics, which combine the richness of brocade with the lightness of gauze, are thrown upon the sofa. The whole thing conveys the impression of barbaric splendour and effeminate sensuality.

We must not quit the building without noticing the lines of beauteous forms in white marble, which solicit the visitor's admiration, as he passes up the nave and through the transepts and gallery of modern painters. It would be needless to enter into a minute criticism of works which are already well known. We need only say that Lord de Tabley exhibits Hogan's 'Eve startled by the Sight of Death,' Lord Ward, Canova's 'Venus,' Power's 'Greek Slave,' and Canova's 'Dying Gladiator.' Here also are Schuler's 'Adam and Eve,' and a host of others, among which it would be invidious to particularize. But after looking carefully at these nude figures of men, women, and boys, we could not help asking ourselves why the sculptors choose to call them Narcissus, and Venus, and Cupid. These names conveyed some idea to the Ionians; to us they convey none. The statue represented a principle which the Greek deified and worshipped; it is to us only a beautiful human figure in cold white marble, without any of those associations which make it pleasant to look upon the human figure. We can appreciate the beauty of the limbs, the grace of the attitude; but we confess that we find it difficult to understand what it is that the sculptor wants to say to us by his statue of Venus or Narcissus, and therefore we do not know what to think. We are almost disposed to believe that statues of heathen gods and goddesses are an anachronism in the nineteenth century.

We must now close our hasty sketch of this great national exhibition. To study the various works of art which it contains would take months; to describe them would monopolize the room which we must give to other subjects. We have therefore endeavoured to catch some few of the most salient points presented by the various styles of art, and to convey our own impressions as they were formed, leaving it to our readers to verify or to correct them by a personal inspection. We might have talked learnedly of the different schools of painting; but to do this will require time and space. When these are limited, a general view of the works themselves, with as little reference as possible to their authors, is the most instructive and the least wearisome mode of treatment.

We bid adieu to the Art Exhibition with regret. It is a place to wander in at one's leisure, to study and dream over, bit by bit, according to the mood we may happen to be in. What a history of the progress of human thought does it embody! How accurately, for instance, do the early Italian and the modern English schools represent the spirit of their respective ages! But these reflections would carry us too far, and it is time to take a final leave of our subject.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON has issued cards of invitation to a *conversazione* at his residence in Belgrave-square, on Wednesday evening next, to meet the members of the Geographical Society.

The Annual Meeting of the Surrey Archaeological Society, announced three weeks since to be held at Dorking on the 25th instant, is postponed to the 30th, when the members will assemble by the kind permission of Mr. Hope at his beautiful seat, the Deepdene. In the afternoon an excursion will be made, at the invitation of Mr. Evelyn, to Wotton, so intimately associated with the well-known author of *Sylva*.

The arrangements by the local committee of the British Association in Dublin, are now assuming a definite form, and give promise of a successful meeting. Wednesday, the 26th of August, is the day appointed for the meeting of the Association,

under the presidency of the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, D.D. The Dublin secretaries are, Lundy Foote, Esq., the Rev. Professor Jollett, and Dr. W. Neilson Hancock; Dr. John H. Orpen, treasurer. At one P.M., on the 26th, the general committee will meet, for receiving the report of the council, and for the election of sectional officers. At the first general meeting, at eight P.M., the President's address will be delivered. The sections will meet daily, from Thursday, the 27th of August, to Tuesday, the 1st of September inclusive. As a large number of communications are expected, it is desirable that abstracts of papers to be read should be forwarded to the secretaries, so as to facilitate the arrangement of business. The Reception-room will be the Examination Hall of Trinity College.

Lord Brougham attended the last Monday meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, of which he is a corresponding member, and read a paper, in French, on some mathematical subject. Our letters hint that the noble lord's accent was rather torturing to the ears of his auditors, but that nevertheless his paper was warmly complimented.

The prize at Oxford for the best English poem on a sacred subject, given once in three years, from a benefaction offered to the university in 1848, through Dr. Cramer, then Dean of Carlisle, has been awarded to Mr. Charles Henry Pearson, M.A., Fellow of Oriel; the theme was the 'Death of Jacob.' 'The Waters of Babylon' is the subject proposed for the poem in the year 1860.

Mr. Robert Harrison, of Leeds, has been appointed secretary and librarian of the London Library, in room of Mr. William Bodham Donne, who has succeeded the late Mr. Kemble as licenser of plays. Mr. Donne had held the office since 1852, and the Annual Report of the Committee for this year bears a just tribute to his valuable services during that period. Of the general condition of the institution the Report gives a favourable account. Large additions have been made to the library by purchase and by donations. Among the acquisitions of the latter class is a choice collection of books on Logic presented by Mr. John Stuart Mill, and eighty-four volumes of the 'Encyclopédie des Sciences Médicales,' the gift of Dr. R. Ferguson. These donations are good types of the kind of books for which the London Library continues to be prized by men of education and study. For financial reasons there might be temptation to become more akin to ordinary circulating libraries, but the high character of the institution is maintained as a storehouse of the best modern English and Foreign works, and a repertory of standard and not of ephemeral literature. The acknowledgments of the committee are made to Mr. John Chorley for his assistance in arranging the collection of Spanish dramas published some time ago, and for contributions towards completing imperfections in this now valuable series. The number of volumes of all kinds in circulation during the past year was 33,816. It is found that the recent regulation works well, by which annual readers are admitted on nomination, without being compelled to pay the entrance fee. This arrangement has in several instances proved of great convenience, as for example to Americans and other strangers whose residence in London is only temporary. It is proposed that the Vice-Presidency, vacant by the death of the Earl of Ellesmere, should be filled by the Earl of Stanhope, who has hitherto served the library as a member of the Committee of Management.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, the Director of the British Portrait Gallery in the Art Treasures Exhibition, will publish in the course of next week a popular and artistic account of the British Portrait Gallery, with anecdotes of the persons represented, and the prices paid in many instances for the best pictures. Our readers will perhaps remember that the collection, including the historical miniatures, has been formed and arranged by Mr. Cunningham.

We regret to announce the decease of George Brimley, Esq., of Cambridge, at the early age of thirty-seven. Mr. Brimley's name was not very widely known among the public, but many who never heard it have been delighted with the

masterly essays which he was in the habit of contributing to 'Fraser's Magazine,' and other periodicals. So far as we are aware, the only one of his productions published with his name was a paper on Tennyson, contributed to the first volume of the 'Cambridge Essays,' which is certainly entitled to rank high among modern critical performances.

Mr. Wood, of Ruislip, an old naturalist and publisher of works on natural history, died also last week at the advanced age of 83. Originally an amateur collector of shells, Mr. Wood's first publication was an octavo volume of considerable merit for the period, entitled 'General Conchology'; but his name will chiefly be remembered in connexion with a beautifully illustrated catalogue of species of shells, subsequently produced under the title of 'Index Testaceologicus,' and which was followed by a similarly illustrated catalogue of insects, entitled 'Index Entomologicus.' Mr. Wood was a Fellow of the Royal and Linnean Societies, but had long retired from the society of scientific men.

The three surviving daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott have published a "full and entire contradiction of the report" which claims for their parents some participation, less or more, in the authorship of the *Waverley* novels. These surmises, they add, are entirely false. That Mr. Fitzpatrick and others have carried too far their ingenious speculations was generally admitted, without a denial so emphatic and authentic. The most that could reasonably be said was, that Sir Walter Scott made use of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott's observations of life and character, as he did of those of other correspondents. No one meant to claim from this a share of "authorship."

An incident lately occurred, highly characteristic of the present Emperor of the French, and worthy of historical note, whatever may be the scientific and practical results. Mr. Forbes Campbell, who had been a friend of Louis Napoleon when in exile, mentioned that a countryman of his, Mr. Allan, of Edinburgh, had invented a method of applying electricity as a motive power to machinery. Remembering the error of the great Napoleon in rejecting Fulton's offer of applying steam to his navy, because it was deemed chimerical, the Emperor immediately appointed an Imperial commission, under General Morin, of the Institute, and Director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, to examine the invention. The report was favourable, and the Emperor desired that Mr. Allan should be invited to Paris to demonstrate the working of his machinery at the Tuilleries. In the interview with the inventor the Emperor showed a thorough knowledge of mechanics, and after minute examination of the engine congratulated Mr. Allen on having apparently solved one of the most important problems of modern science. At the same time he expressed his readiness, if trials on a large scale were equally satisfactory, to purchase the invention, so as to make it national property for France.

Crosby Hall, one of the noblest historical and architectural relics of Old London, and one of the few places mentioned by Shakespeare, still surviving as when he wrote, was this week in undignified association with an auctioneer's hammer. The lease, for an unexpired term of 77 years, was put up for sale, and bought in, we believe, at 5990*l.* In the property are included some adjacent buildings, as well as the ancient palace of Richard III., with its magnificent hall, and the council chamber, and other apartments. The present rental of the whole property is about 45*l.* In the hall and large rooms evening classes for the instruction of young men have for some time been held, and we are glad to hear that an effort is making to secure the use of the building for this purpose. There can be no objection to this, as less damage is likely to be done to the building than might be if it again became a storehouse for merchandise, as it was for two centuries. Crosby Hall or Place, as it was called, was built in 1466 by John Crosbie, sheriff and alderman, who was knighted by King Edward IV. in 1471, and died in 1477. Shakespeare

alludes to Crosby Place as the palace and residence of the Duke of Gloucester before he got the crown. It was afterwards tenanted by various noble or notable personages. It escaped the great fire of 1666, but till recently was in a neglected state, and put to uses unworthy of its history.

The scheme for connecting the education of the middle classes with the universities, on the plan proposed first, we believe, by the Rev. F. Temple, is now in fair way of being carried into effect. Last week the Committee appointed to consider the subject made their Report to Convocation at Oxford, and in accordance with their suggestions a statute will shortly be promulgated. It is proposed that examiners shall be appointed by the university, to conduct an examination of persons not belonging to the university. The examinations are to be held once a year, either at Oxford or elsewhere, as may seem desirable, and are to be of two grades, the first for candidates under fifteen years of age, and the second for those between fifteen and eighteen. Testamurs will be given in each case, and on the senior class of students, if successful in their examination, the degree of Associates in Arts is to be conferred. On the Report of the Council to the Senate of the University of Cambridge, a Syndicate was appointed this week for conferences on the same subject. The Report bore the signature of Dr. Whewell, and of others who have taken a conspicuous part in the question of improved education in connexion with the universities. The principle of these academical examinations is adopted apparently from the system of the London University granting degrees to pupils of affiliated institutions throughout the country. It is natural that the old universities should seek to retain a due influence on the general education of the people, by direct as well as indirect agencies, and this plan of conferring distinctions is one of the best that could have been adopted. We can scarcely, however, expect that the system can have anything of a national extension, as it might have acquired had it been introduced at a period when academical studies occupied more completely the educational ground. There are now other branches of knowledge, besides those cultivated at the old universities, which divide the attention of the middle classes, and the new degrees will be chiefly sought by those who aspire to the learned professions, or who are to be engaged as preceptors. For most of the purposes of life a certificate of the London Society of Arts would be preferred to the Testamur of an Oxford Board of Examiners. Instead of these separate, and to some extent rival sources of distinction, it would be far better could there be some common scheme for the whole country, analogous to that which works well in France, in the examinations for *Baccaulauréat des lettres*, and *Baccaulauréat des sciences*. Even if Oxford and Cambridge combined in the scheme of conferring middle-class degrees, they would only attract a certain class of candidates, others preferring the distinctions conferred by the London University or the Society of Arts. Only a government board of education, with examiners acting under its authority, could ever command the general influence requisite to organize a middle-class system of examinations and degrees, on a scale worthy to be regarded as national.

The 4th of June was this year celebrated at Eton with a brilliancy almost recalling the old days of the Montem. An unusually large number of visitors were present at the speeches, and the Prince of Wales arrived from the Isle of Wight in time for witnessing the regatta and sports of the evening. The railroads have altered the appearance of an Eton festival, like many other national spectacles, the crowd of equipages being now diminished; but the scenes in the college during the day, and on the river in the evening, were such as recalled old times. It was glorious June weather, too.

Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, who was placed at the head of the expedition destined to explore the sources of the Nile, has addressed a letter to

the Academy of Sciences of Paris, stating that the reason why the expedition was broken up, even before it set out, was that, on the one hand, it was regarded as hostile to the interests of certain influential persons in Egypt, and that, on the other, dissensions broke out amongst its members. M. de Lauture naturally throws all the blame of the failure on other parties; but from the vain and arrogant tone in which his letter is written, we are inclined to think that not a little of it falls on him. Be this as it may, it is certain that the dissolution of the expedition is a great loss to science, for never was one organized on a more extensive or more perfect scale, or with greater pecuniary and other resources.

The famous French periodical, the 'Journal des Savans,' which is very nearly two hundred years old—an age perfectly astonishing in that unstable country across the Channel—is about to undergo a change in its destinies. The Emperor has decreed that, instead of being under the control of the Minister of Justice, as it has hitherto very unaccountably been, it shall be placed under that of the Minister of Public Instruction, to which, certainly, it naturally belongs. But this change will not in any respect modify the character of the Journal, and will rather add to than diminish from that excellency which has secured it so high a place amongst the learned periodicals of Europe. The Journal has no editor, but is conducted by a commission, consisting of Messrs. Mignet, Cousin, Hase, Naudet, Moll, and other eminent members of the University and the Institute, and amongst its contributors are some of the most distinguished savans of France.

An interesting discovery of an old MS. has been just made in the library of the foundation of St. Gallen, in Switzerland. It is headed 'Oratio,' and is, with little doubt, a manuscript presented about one thousand years ago, by the Duchess Hedwig, an Allemanian of great classical attainments, to her pupil, Burkard, on the occasion of his quitting Hohentwiel, and entering the monastery of St. Gallen.

Moritz Arndt, of Bonn, in honour of whom a bust has lately been placed, by the King of Prussia, in the library of that town, has just published a volume of poetical translations, which, from their beauty and gracefulness, have called forth the warm commendations of the German press. They are entitled, 'Blossoms gleaned from Old and Young,' and contain, in the first division, translations and adaptations from Callimachus, Tyrtaeus, Callistratus, and the Anthologia Graeca; in the second part translations from Swedish, and in the third from English and Scotch ballads. One of the most beautiful is Charles the Twelfth's March, known by the Swedes as Stenbock's March, from the field-marshall of that name who composed the words.

A most interesting relic of bygone times has lately been brought to light in the neighbourhood of Munich; it is a gold ring of beautiful workmanship, forming, with the ruby which fastens the extremities of the hoop, a cross. On the outside are engraved emblems of Christ's suffering—namely, the ladder, sword, spear, sponge, and holy handkerchief. The inner circle bears the inscription, "D. Martino Lutherio Catharina a Bora," and on the inside of the sword is carved "13 Junius, 1525." This valuable relic must have been the marriage ring of the celebrated reformer, given to him by his Käthe, or as he playfully calls her, "Uxor Dominus Meus."

Signor Vulci, of Rome, has been carrying on near that town some excavations for the advantage and at the expense of Messieurs Didot and Noël des Bergers, of Paris. In the course of them, a very interesting sepulchral grotto was opened, the walls of which were decorated with paintings, beautiful in themselves, and more than usually well preserved and bright in their colouring. An inscription in Etruscan characters informs us that the subject is taken from the tale of the Trojan war. The figures are bolder, and finer in execution, than one generally sees in early Etruscan pictures. The tomb contained rich ornaments in gold, and some vases. The neighbouring chambers,

of which there are several, were bare and not ornamented with frescoes. In Ostia three antique statues have been dug up.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE appearance of this Society will be welcomed as an agreeable novelty in the world of art. The ladies will henceforth enjoy an opportunity of a more just and appropriate field of comparison than has hitherto been afforded them; and the peculiar merits and attractions that may be supposed to attach to the works of female artists will have full room to display themselves. The private view of the inaugural exhibition was held on Saturday week, at a gallery opened in Oxford-street, No. 315, not far from Hanover-square. The contributions show no deficiency, at least in point of numbers. They amount to 358, including works in oils, in water-colours, and sculpture. Many of the specimens are copies, and in this branch of study the instances exhibited are remarkably successful.

In oils, the most important picture undoubtedly is Mrs. McIan's *Highland Emigrants* (35), a work to which it is unnecessary to allude particularly, as many of our readers will remember its appearance in the exhibition of the National Institution in 1852, where it attracted much attention. Great skill in grouping, and remarkable pathos, are displayed in the work, the merits of which are rendered still more manifest by the progress of time.

Mrs. M. G. Ward is another lady artist whose works are well known to the public. *The May Queen* (15) was, if we mistake not, exhibited in the Academy of last year, but it is not the less welcome in this collection. The character of each member of this group is well rendered, whether we consider the gayety and frail delicacy of the young beauty, or the foreboding gravity of the old woman. *The Children* (55, 56, and 57) appear to have been painted later. They are fresher in colour, and it needs no profound penetration to discern the relationship in which these charming sitters—turbulent ones we doubt not—stand to the artist, who dwells upon their beauties with such loving appreciation.

Mrs. Harrison re-appears with fresh bouquets of *Cottage Roses* (67), *Fruits and Flowers* (71), *Roses* (91 and 142), and *Primroses* (96), and is seen to great advantage, her boldness of drawing and skill in colouring being as conspicuous as ever. Several Misses Harrison contribute floral studies in the same school.

In water-colours, the works of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray exhibit a force of original genius which is not to be met with elsewhere. This lady is the wife of the British Consul at Teneriffe, where many of these sketches have been taken. We have already had occasion, in noticing this year's National Institution, to allude to the great talent exhibited in this lady's drawings, and the impression is heightened by what is to be seen here. All the ideas are eminently artistic, and the artist possesses unusual skill in committing them by a first effort to paper, in their full integrity; for all appearance of labour or effort is absent. They are numerous; fifteen in all. A portrait of *Otho, King of Greece* (184), a tall sitting figure in rich costume, and with fine commanding carriage of the head, is stated to have been painted by command; as was also a *Portrait of Signor Coletti, late Prime Minister of Greece* (184), a venerable and dignified personage. Mrs. Murray has a portrait also of *The Son of Sultan Abdul Medjid* (244), and a highly characteristic and spirited drawing of *Dolores Ruiz, the Gipsy Dancer of Seville* (254), in one of the most rapid and vigorous of her emphatic evolutions. The swarthy features, sparkling glance, bounding form, and quivering muscles, are all suggested, if not actually rendered, in this slight but impressive sketch. We next notice a likeness of *Hadj Mohammed Ben Abo* (103), an officer of rank under the Sultan of Morocco, which completes the list of portraits. The rest are mostly

studies of black-eyed peasants, in romantic costumes, in the island of Teneriffe. *A View of Funchal* (200) is an exception. The merits of this drawing, hasty though it be, must certainly be ranked very high; so vivid and novel is the impression it conveys; so unlike anything we have been accustomed to, yet so truthful. The idea is powerfully suggested to the spectators, that the long slope of land which forms the distinguishing feature of Funchal scenery is the result of a flow of lava at some remote period. Whether right or wrong, such is the geological impression which Mrs. Murray's drawing conveys. Another picture, *Idleness* (260), is beautiful in its bold and artistic arrangement of foreground—the fountain and its water-lilies overshadowed by festoons of grapes, with the poetical figures lying idly by. It is perhaps a little too scattered and broken in the distant lights; but it glows and glitters like the shores of Italy. *The Ravine* (133), in the island of Teneriffe, presents a remarkable combination of mountain peaks, and some aerial peculiarities arising from the action of the trade winds. Finally, Mrs. Murray has proved no unsuccessful copyist of Murillo, in the study of *San Antonio* and *The Infant Christ* (341).

Returning to the oil pictures, amongst figure subjects, *A Village School* (12), by Emma Brownlow, exhibits much clever arrangement and ingenious composition; and two heads by Miss Anne G. Blunden, one entitled *Love* (22), another, *Hope in Death* (52), are examples of fine drawing and skill in colours. *A Christian Woman of Samaria* (59), by Mrs. Robertson Blanck, is distinguished for the vigour of its hues. *The Contented Cottager* (68), by Elizabeth Lawson, also claims notice.

In landscape, Miss Blake, whose drawings have been so frequently ornaments of the amateur exhibition, contributes several specimens; among which *The Kremlin, Moscow* (205), is particularly noticeable, and *Schloss Elz* (206), a beautiful object, already the subject of one of Mr. W. Callow's pictures in the Water-colour Exhibition. *The Short Way to the Village* (58), by Margaret Witcomb, is a pretty drawing of a green lane and distant landscape; and a *Welsh Stream* (84), by Mrs. J. W. Brown, is of the same familiar and pleasing class; as also is *Richmond, Yorkshire* (102), by J. Joy. Marianne Stone (121) is another of the landscape artists, and Mrs. E. Stanley (238 and 266). The former lady has also painted some *New Laid Eggs* and *Straw* (122) with a delicacy and accuracy that are admirable. *A Gateway near Margate* (72) has been studied with minute and persevering care, in the delineation of its smallest component parts, by Miss A. Tunbridge; and the *Court of Heidelberg* (104) receives more cursory treatment from the pencil of Mrs. Sturz.

Especial praise is due to the great truth of colour in the works of Mrs. Higford Burr. One is a view of the *Statues of Memnon* (117), where the background is lighted up with a pink roseate glow of sunlight, which must have been carefully watched on the spot, and reminds us of the drawings of Mr. Seddon and of Holman Hunt: another consists of *Four Street Views in Cairo* (300), which attract the eye at once by their abundance of detail and force of colour. As specimens of drawing, this lady's sketches of the *Porch at Chartres* (188), and at *Ratisbon* (264), must ensure admiration.

In flower subjects we can only record the names of Mrs. V. Bartholomew, of Florence Peel, Charlotte James, Miss Fry, Emma Walton, and Emma Francis; all of whom have devoted attention, with different degrees of success, to this attractive branch of study.

There are a few enamels; among the rest an excellent study after Milton, of *A Nymph disarming Cupid* (270), and several copies of Raphael, Murillo as above mentioned, and others. Reynolds has been imitated with some success by several ladies; as in *The Holy Family* (313), by M. A. Johnstone; *The Fortune Teller* (314), by Mrs. Backhouse; *Lady Hamilton* (315), and *Lady Harcourt* (318), by Miss Morier. Mary Chapman has reproduced something of the soft luminous depth of Cuyp in the *Cattle Scene* (329), and a *Head of Rembrandt*

(334) has been attempted by Mary A. Chapman. Turner's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (340) has been studied on a small scale by Marian Harrison.

In sculpture Mrs. Thornycroft carries off the palm, with her busts of the *Queen* (345), and *Duchess of Gloucester* (346); her *Autumn* (347), and *Sleeping Girl* (349).

The proposed collection illustrative of the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, which, as before announced, has been undertaken by the Archaeological Institute, promises to prove most successful. The numerous contributions of life-size portraits and miniatures, readily offered from all parts of the country, have so far exceeded expectation, that it will be impracticable to complete their arrangement by the time originally contemplated. The entire collection of the original engraved portraits of the period has been obtained, with the exception of the very rare full-length figures engraved by Elstrack; but this deficiency will be supplied by the aid of photography, affording a fresh evidence of the important advantages which accrue to the study of art from that magical means of reproduction. The full-length portraits of Mary in possession of the Draper's Company and of the Scottish Corporation, will it is hoped, enrich the series, which will comprise many valuable portraits not available for the collection formed by the Institute last year in Edinburgh. Prince Albert, Patron of the Society, has warmly encouraged this interesting project; and it may be anticipated that some choice portraits of Mary will by special favour be entrusted to the Institute from the royal collection. Such an occasion for comparison and identification of the varied portraits of Mary Stuart, which have ever been viewed with deep interest, has never before been presented. The extended character of the collection will prevent its being open to view before the 13th or 15th June.

On Friday week last a new panorama was opened by Mr. Burford, for private view, in Leicester-square. The success of the artist, and of his co-adjudicator, Mr. Henry C. Selous, and their assistants, has been quite as complete in dealing with the scenery of the tropics as with the towers and shrines of Moscow. Though recent events have given great prominence to all that relates to Russia, there is a large class of the public in whose eyes a peculiar interest attaches to the colony of Sierra Leone. First known as an important field of missionary labour, it has acquired latterly more importance as being the head-quarters of expeditions employed for putting down the slave trade; and, accordingly, the name of this colony particularly attaches itself to some of the most earnest religious exertions and the greatest moral triumph that this country has achieved. Whatever be its fate, its name and place can never be lost to the history of England. The present view, taken from the Signal Hill, represents the city of Freetown, distant about three-quarters of a mile from the spectator, with the indentations of the coast on which it stands, at the mouth of the Sierra Leone river. The opposite bank, called the Bullion country, is also visible, lying in low marshy flats, thickly clothed with vegetation, and inhabited, it is stated, by a cowardly and treacherous set of savages, who, though only seven miles from Freetown, frequently succeed in kidnapping negroes who have been rescued from slavery, and selling them again to the traders. Freetown, with its heavy cathedral, a building that has been altered, and partially rebuilt, by various governors, until all unity of design and taste is lost—its police and court-house, government house, hospital and barracks, is painted with admirable effect, and with map-like distinctness as to details. Further inland, the hills begin, and various farms and settlements are seen scattered among patches of native and European cultivation. The mountain ridge, the form of which is said to give its name to Sierra Leone, stands behind, with the peaks, Leicester and Sugar-loaf. In various directions are specimens of palms and cotton trees; the season at which the view is taken being at the end of the

dry months, during which time the Harmattan wind prevails from the N.E. The village of Wilberforce, with its church, chapel, school-house, and native huts, gives a fair idea of the appearance of native habitations under the influence of civilization and Christianity. Numerous columns of smoke point out where the natives are engaged in burning wild shrubs, grasses, and weeds before the dry season begins. The drawings from which the picture has been painted were made on the spot by Mr. S. Johnson. As a work of painting this panorama may rank with the very best Mr. Burford has produced.

Some choice specimens of the first European engravers were disposed of on Wednesday, by Messrs. Christie and Manson. We particularly remarked the following:—By Cousins—*Bolton Abbey*, after Landseer; first proof before all letters, rare, 19*l.* 10*s.* By Desnoyers—*La Belle Jardinière*, after Raffaelle; a brilliant proof before letters, 3*l* guineas. *La Vierge au Linge*, after the same; first state before letters, 14*l.* 15*s.* By Garavaglia—*Madonna della Sedia*, after Raffaelle; first proof before letters, 15*l* guineas. By Longhi—*The Magdalen*, after Correggio; proof before letters, 24 guineas. *The Marriage of the Virgin*, after Raffaelle; brilliant proof before letters, 4*l*. By Morghen—*The Aurora*, after Guido; fine proof, 30*l*. *The Madonna della Sedia*, after Raffaelle; proof before letters, 14 guineas. *General Moncada*, after Van Dyck; rare proof before letters, 23*l.* 10*s.* *The Magdalen Praying*, after Murillo; brilliant proof before letters, 19*l.* By Müller—*The Madonna de St. Sisto*, after Raffaelle; fine proof, 49 guineas. *St. John*, after Domenichino; fine proof, with the letters, 28 guineas. By Pontius—*Rubens, with Hat on his Head*, after his own picture; fine proof, 12*l.* By Strange—*Charles I. in his Robes*, after Vandyck; proof with all the margin, 4*l*. *Charles I. with his Equerry*, after the same; proof in the first state, 1*l*. By Toschi—*Descent from the Cross*, after D. da Volterra; artist's proof before letters, 12 guineas. *The Correggio Frescoes*; fine India proofs before letters. The lot consisted of 24 plates selected and signed by the engravers, 42 guineas. By Vandyck—(his own etchings). These consist of—1. *His Own Portrait*, in the first state; the pure etching. 2. *Francis Sayders*, ditto. 3. *Justus Suttermans*, first state. 4. *Paul de Vos*, first state; the pure etching. 5. *Titan and his Mistress*, first state; and three others, 55*l.* 9*s.*

A further step towards the centralization of the art collections of the metropolis has been taken in the removal of the Architectural Museum from Canon-row, Westminster, to South Kensington. The increase of the museum rendered the possession of larger premises necessary, and the new site presented many inducements. The mere fact of the museum being now in the same locality with other kindred collections, facility being thereby afforded for the study of collateral branches of art, would suffice to justify the removal. The committee have hopes also of obtaining casts and specimens of objects, through the government authorities, which would have been beyond the resources of a private association. In being adopted among the institutions having a local habitation on the South Kensington estate, there is every likelihood of the Architectural Museum assuming a position which it could scarcely otherwise have attained. With regard to the alleged distance from the city, the committee need not have assumed any tone of apology. Every site that might be selected for a National Gallery, or any other public building, must be remote from some portion of the metropolis. South Kensington is a point towards which there will, year by year, be more ready access; and even if the convenience were less in that respect, there would be advantage in the inducement to devote more leisure to regular times of study, instead of running in now and then for a few minutes, for which there might be temptation if the museum were nearer at hand.

The Queen having been informed that Mr. F. Scott Archer, the discoverer of the application of collodion to photography (a process which has

superseded all others) had died, leaving a young family unprovided for, has been pleased to head a subscription by a gift of twenty guineas. The Photographic Society of London have followed with a grant of fifty pounds, and from the general estimation in which Mr. Archer's discovery is held a very handsome testimonial is expected to be raised. The committee-room is at 226, Regent-street, and Sir William Newton, R.A., has kindly undertaken the office of treasurer.

Herr Mächtitz, the sculptor, died in Breslaw on the 14th of May; he was little known beyond his native province of Silesia, but was nevertheless a man of true artistic feeling, who earnestly but unostentatiously laboured, in his own confined sphere, to raise the taste of his fellow-countrymen, which seems to have been at a low ebb, judging at least by one of his small statues, in which he symbolises the taste of his native town by a small figure holding in one hand a pot of beer, and in the other a smoked sausage, and an edible called in Germany a "Stollen."

M. Simart, a French sculptor of considerable note, and a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, has just died in the prime of life. His death was occasioned by his having accidentally fallen from the roof of an omnibus in Paris. He was a pupil of Ingres and Pradier, and has left several works, which are highly esteemed,—amongst them the bas-reliefs of the Tomb of Napoleon, in the Hôtel des Invalides; a statue of Poetry, in the Library of the Chamber of Deputies; a Virgin, in the cathedral of Troyes, and a Minerva in the collection of the Duc de Luynes. The Minerva, like some of the statues of ancient Greece, is in ivory, ornamented with gold and silver.

Six thousand florins have been subscribed in Holland for a statue in Rotterdam, and a monument in the churchyard of Rysvyl, to Tollens, the celebrated Dutch poet.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The charming *operettes* of the French *Théâtre des Bouffes* are so much appreciated by the audiences at St. James's Theatre that M. Offenbach, who commenced the performances with only a detachment of the company, has been encouraged to close the house in Paris, and to bring the whole of the staff to London. Several new pieces have been this week produced, in which M. Pradeau has given wonderful exhibitions of a droll humour, quite different from anything that we have been accustomed to witness even in French comedians. *Les Deux Aveugles* is the piece in which his style of performance is most broadly displayed. Those who have seen Mr. Robson in the *Wandering Minstrel* will enjoy the strongly contrasted acting of M. Pradeau in a scene of low life of the same type. Most of the other members of the French company are capital actors, and the music, under the direction of M. Offenbach, is in excellent keeping with the smartness of the plays and the humour of the performers.

The annual concert given by Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, has the reputation of being one of the best musical meetings of the London season, and this character was amply sustained at the Hanover-square Rooms on Wednesday. Mr. Lindsay Sloper played, with his usual skill, one of Moschele's piano-forte Concertos (in E flat), and a Tarantella, expressly composed for him by M. Stephen Heller. Solos by M. Saiton on the violin, and Signor Bottesini on the double bass, and Mendelssohn's 'Ruy Blas' overture, formed the instrumental part of the performances. Miss Dolby sang in her best manner Meyerbeer's romanza, 'Parmi les Fleurs,' from the *Huguenots*, three sacred songs by Beethoven, translated from the German of Gellert, and several ballads, one of which was encored, 'The Three Fishers,' by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, set by Mr. Hullah, quaintly simple in melody, and sung with much taste and feeling. Mr. Sims Reeves gave his trite invitation to Maud to 'Come into the Garden,' an air which by this time must be tiresome to all but the devotees

of Tennyson. It was sung, however, as no one but Mr. Reeves can sing it. An original duet by Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, 'Paulo e Virginie,' the composition of Mr. Weiss, has pleasing melody, but some of the phrases are unconscious adaptations from Verdi. Pinsuti's lively and gay trio, 'Le Spagnole,' was exquisitely given by Mesdames Clara Novello, Weiss, and Miss Dolby. M. Benedict was the vocal accompanist, and Mr. Alfred Mellon conducted the well-trained band of the Orchestral Union. Several gales were also sung by the Vocal Union.

On Wednesday evening, the New Philharmonic Society brought its short season to a close, the concerts having been limited to three instead of six, as was proposed had the St. James's Hall been constructed. Dr. Wyde made his last concert almost a Beethoven night, four out of the eight pieces in the programme being his, including the Symphony in B flat, the overture written for Kotzebue's opera, *King Stephen*, and the Fourth Piano-forte Concerto (in C minor), played by Mdlle. Staudach. Madame Gassier and Mrs. Lewis were the vocalists of the evening. The most noticeable feature of the concert was the admirable performance of Mozart's serenade for wind instruments, the music of which is familiarly known in an adaptation as a quintett, and in other shapes, but which it was pleasant to hear in its original form.

The programme of the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Monday evening, was excellent in its selection, and the performance worthy of the music chosen. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Mozart's Symphony in E flat, were splendidly performed. The other orchestral pieces were Rossini's overture, *Siege of Corinth*, and Professor Sternfeld Bennett's overture, *Naiades*, one of the few works of living authors worthy of being introduced on these occasions. Mendelssohn's violin Concerto in E minor, and a fantasia of his own composition, descriptive of the scenes of the Carnival at Madrid, were performed by Signor Sivori with a skill in which this pupil of Paganini has few rivals. The vocalist of the evening was Madame Comte Borchardt.

The annual performance of Handel's *Messiah*, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, took place at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday. The sum of 275*l.* 11*s.* 7*d.* has been appropriated during the past year to the benevolent purposes of the fund.

A new play, by Mr. Falconer, author of *The Cagot*, was produced on Monday at the Haymarket, and met with a success more due to the exertions of the actors and the good humour of a holiday audience than to the literary or dramatic merit of the piece. *A Husband of an Hour* is the title of the play, the plot of which is in its main story very simple. The heroine, the *Countess de Clerville* (Miss Reynolds), is on the point of being married to the *Marquis de Crevecoeur* (Mr. Farre), when the family lawyer (Mr. Rogers) arrests the ceremony by the untoward announcement that the lady is no heiress, and that the estates which had attracted the Marquis really belonged to *Robert the Gardener*, son of the old Count by a previous marriage (Mr. Buckstone). The Marquis backs out, and the indignant Countess marries the gardener, on condition of his challenging the man who had insulted her. At the close of the act it is understood that poor *Robert*, who himself had long cherished a hopeless attachment to the lady, had fallen in the combat. Three years elapse, during which the Countess had retained a warm feeling of regret for her husband of an hour. The Marquis again becomes her suitor, when a mysterious milord Anglais, *Lord Thornley*, appears, quite an Admirable Crichton in his way, who takes the lady's heart by storm. This turns out to be no other than our old friend *Robert the Gardener*, who, by three years' assiduous cultivation of the Georgics of the mind and the person, has been metamorphosed into an accomplished gentleman. He is not recognised, even when for awhile he has resumed his old costume and language. The monstrous improbability of this amounts almost to burlesque; but apart from the absurdity of the

lady's obtuseness, the satisfaction of the audience is secured by the dismissal of the mercenary Marquis, and the reward of the ambitious and faithful gardener. A good deal of amusement is caused by the underplot, in which a French valet and English lackey (Messrs. Clark and Compton) are rivals for the heart of the Countess' waiting-maid (Mrs. Fitzwilliam). While playing with boxing-gloves, a real "mill" takes place, in which the Englishman vents his anger in good earnest on his rival. As we have already hinted, it is to these incidental pieces of amusing acting, and also the unexpected nature of some of the situations, that the piece owes its success. None of the characters or incidents are novel or original in conception, and in their present arrangement are probably suggested by some French play. Mr. Buckstone is humorously droll as the gardener, but the attempt at disguise is as absurd as if he were to personate both Don Juan and Leporello.

George Darville is the name of a new piece of melodramatic mosaic work, constructed for the Adelphi by the author of *Janet Pride*. A young artist of genius in love with the beautiful daughter of a patron; a pocket-book full of bank notes mysteriously put in the youth's reach; temptation and its consequences, in this instance terminating in a dismally doleful and vindictively moral catastrophe—such are the trite incidents of a story, the details of which it would be tedious to narrate and tiresome to read. The character of *George Darville* is one which no living actor could represent better than is done by Mr. Webster. The aspect and attitudes of wretchedness are expressed with terrible vividness. The acting of Madame Celeste as *Maria*, especially in the contrast between the early joyousness and the subsequent misery, is excellent, and all the other chief members of the company have effective parts in the drama; Mr. Bedford enacts a conspicuous villain named *Union Jack*, who was the cause of *George's* misfortune and crime. The dark course of the plot is somewhat relieved by a by-play revealing the alliance of the fortunes of *Jonas Totty*, an old friend of *George* (Mr. Wright), with his sweetheart *Party* (Miss Wyndham).

Madame Ristori commences her representations at the Lyceum on Monday with *Medea*. Besides the chief characters in which she appeared last season, four new pieces are to be produced, including an Italian adaptation of *Lady Macbeth*. The other tragedies are *Camilla*, a new work by Montanelli, lately produced in Paris by Madame Ristori, *Ottavia*, by Alfieri, and *Fazio*, adapted from the English text of Milman.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ASIATIC.—*May 23rd.*—*Anniversary Meeting.*—Professor H. H. Wilson, President, in the chair. A Report from the Council on the Society's transactions during the past year was read by the Secretary, from which it appeared that the Society had increased in numbers; and that the deaths and retirements of members has been in equal number to those of the preceding year. Obituary notices of several of the deceased members were given in the Report, commencing with the Earl of Ellesmere, formerly President of the Society, who was ever ready to promote its welfare. A brief memoir of Lord Amherst followed this; and next a notice of the career of Lord Hardinge. The decease of Baron Hammer-Purgstall was then adverted to; and some details recorded of his extraordinary literary industry, exerted throughout a long life. The Baron's acquaintance with the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian languages has long been celebrated; and various works relating to the history and literature of the East have emanated from his pen. His last great work was a history of the literature of the Arabs, six volumes of which were completed at the time of his death; a seventh was not quite finished, but was published by his representatives very shortly after his demise. He died at the advanced age of 84. The late Imám of Muscat was then mentioned. His Highness was elected an

Honorary Member of the Society in 1836; and the diploma of his election was sent out to him on the occasion of His Majesty William the Fourth's presenting to His Highness one of the finest of the Royal yachts, in return for the *Liverpool*, a 74-gun ship which had been presented to His Majesty by the Imám. During the past year the Society had elected one Honorary Member only—the Rev. R. Caldwell, LL.D., the author of the 'Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian, or South-Indian Family of Languages,' a work of great interest on a class of languages that had not been hitherto much attended to by the theoretical philologist. The Report detailed the progress made up to the present time in the printing of the Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions from monuments in the British Museum, under the superintendence of Sir Henry Rawlinson. The annals of Sennacherib, and of Tiglath Pileser I.; the historical tablets of Sardanapalus; the monument of Shamas Phul; various short legends of the Biblical Pul; the Nebbi Yunus inscription of Sennacherib; and some others, were all traced, and several of them had been printed off. It was announced that the transliteration of these documents, in Roman characters, with interlineary translations by Sir Henry Rawlinson, would be printed at Sir Henry's cost, and that a free version of the same would form a portion of the Society's Journal, to be printed at the expense of the Society,—the expectation of pecuniary assistance from government for this purpose not having been realized. In connexion with Assyrian research, the Report alluded to a recent examination, at the Society's House, by a committee appointed for the purpose, of four separate and independent translations of an inscription of Tiglath Pileser I., made for the purpose of testing the validity of the basis of interpretation adopted by cuneiform scholars, doubts of which had been expressed in some literary circles. The committee had not been able, in the few days since their examination, to prepare a report of their judgment on the matter; but the learned President, who had gone cursorily through the several versions, gave it as his opinion that there was agreement enough between them to prove that the investigation was proceeding on a real basis; though the occasional divergence was sufficient to show that a good deal remained to be done before it would be possible to put full confidence in the scientific accuracy of everything which should be produced. The Society's library had received a valuable addition from General Bagnold, who had presented several Persian manuscripts. Among them was a copy of the Anwari Soheili, written so far back as A.D. 1519, only fifteen years after the death of the author. The Report expressed the satisfaction of the Council in being able to contribute the loan of a few objects of interest, out of the Society's Museum, to the Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester; and concluded by a brief notice of the works published, and in course of publication, by the Oriental Translation Committee. The report of the Auditors on the financial position of the Society was more satisfactory than that of last year; the Society being free from debt, and the balance sheet showing a sum of 214. 9s. 1d. in hand at the end of 1856. An equally favourable out-turn was estimated for the current year. The usual votes of thanks to the Council and Officers for their services were passed, and the meeting proceeded to ballot for the Council and Officers for the ensuing year. R. Clarke, Esq., E. Norris, Esq., and John Shakespear, Esq., were respectively elected Treasurer, Secretary, and Librarian. The following gentlemen were elected to form the Council for the ensuing year:—A. Ashpitel, Esq.; N. B. E. Baillie, Esq.; W. B. Bayley, Esq.; Sir Proby T. Cautley, K.C.B.; Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bt., M.P.; W. J. Eastwick, Esq.; S. Gregson, Esq., M.P.; the Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie; John Marshman, Esq.; O. De B. Priaulx, Esq.; H. T. Prinsep, Esq.; Sir Justin Sheila, K.C.B.; E. Thomas, Esq., and J. P. Willoughby, Esq.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*Continued.*—In 1854, Herr Paul Pretsch, of the Imperial printing-office

of Vienna, patented in this country, and subsequently in France, a process which he has called *Photogalvanography*. He uses Mr. Talbot's materials, but with certain additions, and avails himself of a property of the gelatine which allows of his dispensing with the acid etching altogether. We are unable to speak with certainty of the exact comparative merits and capabilities of the two processes. Mr. Talbot's results are on steel; Herr Pretsch's on copper. If other things be equal, the steel would possess the advantage of greater durability. Herr Pretsch takes one part of clear gelatine or glue, and about ten parts of water, to form a jelly, which he mixes with a strong solution of bichromate of potash; to this mixture he adds a fresh portion of jelly, containing nitrate of silver in solution; the whole being warmed and thoroughly mixed for about ten minutes. He next adds a third portion of jelly, containing a comparatively small quantity of iodide of potassium; then the whole mixture is strained, and is ready to coat the glass plates which are at first used in this process. A plate being coated and dried, is applicable to all the purposes enumerated in the early bitumen process. It can be used to copy engravings by superposition, or be made to receive the images of the camera. However, it is found that the most practical way to make use of the bitumen and gelatine processes, is to copy from a positive photograph which has resulted from a collodion or a Talbotype negative. We have only to place the positive print upon the dried orange-coloured jelly, press it in contact by a plate of glass, and expose the whole to the light for some time, when we shall find upon removal that we have obtained upon the dried jelly a photographic representation of the positive print. Wherever the light has acted strongly the plate will have changed from its bright orange-red colour to a more tawny hue, this latter shade of colour gradually passing in the half tints into the unaltered red of the parts completely shielded from the light. The parts acted upon by the light have now become, as in Mr. Talbot's case, comparatively insoluble in water. So far, Herr Pretsch's process has much in common with Mr. Talbot's, but the two experimenters now *diverge* widely. Herr Pretsch, instead of dissolving away the unaltered jelly, merely soaks the plate in water long enough to cause the unaltered gelatine to swell, and so to rise above the surface in such a way that we obtain a picture in relief resembling the condition of an ordinary cut wood-block. The tawny coloured parts do not swell, and so they remain depressed, representing the sunken portions of the wood block. If the swelled gelatine were hard enough, we might at once ink the raised parts by a roller, and print in the usual way. This, however, is impracticable; and, moreover, surface printing is not in this art deemed to be the best mode of procedure. A device, analogous to one used in type printing, is therefore adopted; a sort of stereotype process is gone through. A mould in softened gutta percha, or other suitable moulding material,—possibly a composition of wax or stearine, is made; this mould will of course have the raised lines or dots of the original gelatine represented by grooves and cavities, apparently graven in the surface; and here, again, if the mould were firm enough, we might ink it as if it were an engraved copper-plate, and print by the copper-plate printing press. From these considerations, it will be evident that we have only to seek to convert these yielding surfaces into enduring ones, and we shall end our labours successfully. This the electrotype art enables us to do. We have simply to render the mould a conductor of electricity, by black lead, or finely divided metal, and we can deposit in it copper to any amount. We shall thus get in copper a facsimile of the original swelled gelatine plate. But since this requires surface printing, and that is not to be preferred, we must once more apply our electrotyping process, using this first obtained and raised copper-plate as *matrix*, to produce as many engraved or sunken plates, ready to be printed from, as we may desire. The original matrix remains, as in Fizeau's case, unworn. The above is an outline of the more im-

portant features of Herr Pretsch's invention. There is one more point that deserves attention. In all the engraving processes hitherto described, there is a difficulty in obtaining a granular surface over the etched parts necessary to hold the amount of ink required by the printer. In Pretsch's process this difficulty remarkably enough does not present itself; the swelled surface breaks up in a direction vertical to its surface into little masses, which are just what is desired; this result is quite characteristic. It has been attributed to the presence of particles of chromate of silver, or of iodide of silver. Would it be too far-fetched to suppose that it is another beautiful instance of the slaty cleavage action demonstrated by Dr. Tyndall? However this may be, the fact is very important for the success of the invention. The chemistry of the processes of the first and third divisions of this subject is but little advanced. M. Niepce de St. Victor has found, what M. Chevreul had anticipated, that the oxygen of the atmosphere is essential in the bitumen process. In an illuminated vacuum the result could not be obtained, although ordinary photographic action went on quite as well as in air. With reference to the gelatine processes, it might be observed that Mr. Ponton, who first used bichromate of potash as a photographic agent, and M. Edmond Bequerel, who extended its use on paper, both found that the sizing materials became more insoluble by the photographic action. It was believed that chromic acid was liberated by the sun's rays, since simple mono-chromate of potash produced no effect. On mentioning these facts to a friend (Dr. Hugo Müller), the speaker learnt that solutions of chromium had been employed in Germany, in experiments on tanning skins; and it therefore suggested itself that the chromic acid set free might, in re-acting on part of the gelatine, liberate an oxide of chromium, which, when combined with the rest of the gelatine, would form a species of artificial leather; thus rationally accounting for the comparative insolubility of the altered and tawny coloured portions of the jelly. The subject, however, requires and deserves a more thorough investigation. M. Poitevin, of Paris, has applied the gelatine and bichromate of potash process to lithographic stone, and his results, placed on the table, would well bear a comparison with those obtained by the other methods described in this division. The speaker, in conclusion, expressed his opinion that these engraving processes would greatly advance the art of photography itself, particularly in its applications to the delineation of coloured objects, in which it is still very imperfect, although some progress has been made.

General Monthly Meeting.—*June 1st.*—William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair. Edward Tilston Bright, Esq., and A. Colyar, Esq., were elected members. Thanks were voted to Professor F. Crace Calvert, Professor T. H. Huxley, Edward Vivian, Esq., and Professor A. J. Scott, for their discourses on the evenings of May 8, 15, 22, and 29.

Zoological.—*May 26th.*—Dr. Gray, F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Bartlett read a paper on the Chinese sheep, describing and referring to specimens presented to the Society by H.R.H. Prince Albert, to whom they were sent from China by Rutherford Alcock, Esq., H.M. Vice Consul at Shanghai. The most important feature with regard to these sheep is their great fecundity, the three ewes in the Society's gardens having produced thirteen lambs in the spring of the current year. Mr. Bartlett having submitted specimens of the wool of these sheep to the Council of the Chamber of Commerce for the worsted district of Bradford, read the report of Dr. Price to that Board upon it, which was favourable as to its quality for certain branches of manufacture. The secretary read a paper communicated by Mr. Cuming, containing descriptions of thirty-one new species of land shells by Dr. L. Pfeiffer. Dr. Gray read a paper on the animal and bark of the genus *Antipathes*. In the Proceedings of

the Society for 1832, he described for the first time the bark and animal of *Antipathes dichotoma*, from Madeira. He observed that this species had been separated from the others of that genus, because the surface of the axis is smooth, and not covered with a number of minute uniform cylindrical spines, like the true *Antipathes*, and has been called for that reason *Leiopathes*, and it has been further stated that although *Leiopathes* has a distinct bark and animal like the *Gorgoniidae*, this may not be the case with the normal species of the genus. Dr. Gray had failed to discover any traces of a bark or remains of any kind of animal matter in the various specimens examined by him, until a few days since, when Mr. Samuel Stevens laid before him a very fine specimen of *Antipathes* from the Seychelles, which was entirely covered with a very distinct bark or animal covering.

ANTIQUARIES.—*May 28th.*—J. Hunter, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The Rev. J. Silvester Davies and Mr. Hans Claude Hamilton were elected Fellows. Mr. Franks exhibited two astrolabes, one of the 15th, the other of the 16th century. Mr. Evelyn Philip Shirley, M.P., local secretary for Warwickshire, reported the discovery of Roman coins near Kineton, in that county. Drawings by Mr. Kingerle were exhibited of six specimens, one of Claudius, four of the family of Constantine, all of copper, and one in silver of Julian the Apostate. Mr. Akerman, the secretary, exhibited a dagger of the 15th century, which he believed to be the weapon of a man at arms, and probably used in some judicial duel in Italy. On the pommel, which has three faces, are engraved two shields of arms, the first being—bendy of six; in base, a human face; on a chief, a dragon on its back; legend above, *DONEC NYPSENO*. The second quarterly. 1. A castle triple-towered; 2. A wolf salient; 3. An eagle displayed; 4. Three bars. On the third face is engraved a male figure in the costume of the 15th century, holding in his left hand a dagger, his right foot trampling on a globe, legend *NON VELVT AGESILAO*. Mr. Edmund Stone communicated an account of certain British and Saxon remains lately discovered at Standlake and Brighthampton, Oxon. Mr. Stone exhibited a model and plans of the pits, and the remains found in them, and in their vicinity, comprising fragments of coins of apparent British origin, bone implements and knives, &c., of the Saxon period. The concluding portion was read of Mr. Wylie's translation of the Abbé Cochet's report of his excavations in the cemetery at Bouteilles. The Abbé sent for exhibition specimens of the pottery discovered on this occasion, together with examples of the leaden crosses inscribed with the formula of absolution. The Society then adjourned over the Whitsun holidays until Thursday, June 11th.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—*May 27th.*—Dr. John Lee, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair. The Rev. John R. I. Eton, of Merton College, and George Berry, Esq., of the Park, Nottingham, were elected Associates. Mr. Forster exhibited four fine specimens of Saxon Fibulae, a circular one found at Oxford, and another in Ireland of silver, and two circular bronze ones at Colchester. Mr. Clarke communicated an account of coins of Edward III., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, found lately at Easton, in Suffolk. Also a gold noble of Edward III., in a garden at Blaxhall, and a gold crown of Charles I. at Rendlesham. A report drawn up by Mr. H. Syer Cuming, Hon. Sec., 'On the Etruscan, Celtic, and Danish antiquities exhibited at the previous meeting,' was read. A paper by Mr. J. Brent, 'On the Light Literature of the Olden Times,' referring especially to the Poetical Romances of Mary of Normandy, was read. A discussion arose in regard to the subject of Treasure Trove, and Mr. Temple, Chief Justice of Honduras, promised a paper on the subject for the next meeting.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—*May 29th.*—*Anniversary Meeting.*—The following gentlemen were elected Officers and Council for the ensuing year.

President.—Sir James Clark, Bart. *Vice-Presidents.*—The Archbishop of Dublin; Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart.; the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone; Beriah Botfield, M.P. *Treasurer.*—Frederick Hindmarsh, F.R.G.S. *Hon. Secretary.*—Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. *Council.*—W. F. Ainsworth; L. J. Beale; C. H. Bracebridge; Major-General Briggs; J. S. Coleman; J. Conolly, M.D.; R. Dunn; R. N. Fowler; James Heywood; T. Hodgkin, M.D.; R. Ingham, M.P.; James Kennedy; D. King, M.D.; Malcolm Lewin; Lieut.-General Sir Charles Pasley; Rev. E. J. Selwyn; J. J. Stanton; R. Tait; C. D. Tolmè; and T. H. Tuke, M.D.

OXFORD ARCHITECTURAL.—*May 27th.*—Dr. Bloxam, President, in the chair. A memorial to the Commissioners appointed to adjudicate on the designs sent in for the new Government Buildings was adopted, submitting for their consideration some reasons why the gothic style should be preferred. The President then called on the Hon. H. C. Forbes for his paper on the History of Abingdon Abbey, of which the following is an analysis:—In the year 675 A.D., two years after the birth of the Venerable Bede, and one year after the foundation of the Monastery at Weremouth, it appears we must date the commencement of the once famous Abbey of Abingdon. It was founded by Cissa, Viceroy of the West Saxons, or by his nephew Heane. Probably Cissa and Heane were joint founders, of whom the latter became its first Abbot, and the former was buried in the Abbey, though "the very place and tomb of his burial," says Leland, "was never known since the Danes defaced Abingdon." This event, so disastrous to the Abbey, here alluded to by Leland in his Itinerary, took place in the year 873 A.D., nearly two centuries since the foundation of this Abbey, during the reign of Alfred the Great, who fought many battles with the Danes, of which the sharpest was at Abingdon. In the middle of the tenth century, by the favour of the Kings Edred and Edgar, the Abbey, which had been destroyed by the Danes, was rebuilt by Ethelwold, who became the first Abbot of this restored Monastery, and now it was that the Benedictine rule was established in this and other monastic bodies in England, chiefly through the influence of Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury. Nearly fifty Abbots presided over this house from the time of Ethelwold to that of Thomas Pentecost or Rowland, the last Abbot, by whom it was surrendered to the commissioners of Henry VIII., in the year 1538 A.D. This Abbey was formerly rich and powerful, and its revenue at the dissolution was 1876L 10s. 9d. The buildings have been almost entirely destroyed, and nothing remains that would lead us, unaided by history, to conceive its ancient grandeur and importance.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 8 p.m.—(1. On the Battles of Selasina, Marathon, and Thermus; by General J. G. 2. Report on Serpents; by Captain T. Smart, R.N. 3. On the Hydrography of the Valley of the Arve; by Professor Paul Chaix. 4. Exploration of Darien; by H. C. Caldwell, Esq., M.D., U.S.N., &c.)

Tuesday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(J. P. Lacaita, LL.D., on Italian Literature—The Arcadia; Parini; Alferi; Leopardi.)

Syro-Egyptian, 7 p.m.—(Mr. Sharpe on some of the Egyptian Monuments in the British Museum. Mr. Bonomi on the Identification of Certain Pictures on the walls of Khorsabad and of the Persons of Scripture.)

Medical and Chirurgical, 8 p.m.

Zoological, 9 p.m.

Wednesday.—British Archæological, 8 p.m.—(On Treasure Trove; by Mr. Chief Justice Temple.)

Ethnological, 8 p.m.—(Mr. C. D. Tolmè on W. von Humboldt's Researches respecting the Ancient Inhabitants of Spain, connecting them with the Basques.)

Microscopical, 5 p.m.

Literary Fund, 3 p.m.

Mr. J. G. 4 p.m.

Thursday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor J. Tyndall on Sound and some Associated Phenomena.)

Antiquaries, 8 p.m.

Philosophical Club, 5 p.m.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m.—(Professor Faraday, D.C.L., on the Relations of Gold to Light.—Close of the Season.)

United Service Institution, 3 p.m.—(The Rev. Richard Burgess, B.D., on the Military Roads of the Ancient Romans compared with Modern Railways.)

Astronomical, 8 p.m.

Saturday.—Botanic, 4 p.m.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—G. T. T.; L. F.; P. S. S.; K.; L. P. T.; B. D.; F. A. S.—received.

POSTAGE UPON NEWSPAPERS FOR PERU.—On the 1st June next, and thenceforward, British Newspapers, posted in conformity with the authorized regulations, addressed to and from Peru, will be chargeable with a British Postage of One Penny each, in addition to the transit rate of Two pence each, hitherto levied upon such Newspapers for their conveyance across the Isthmus of Panama.

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PATRICK MACINTYRE, Secretary.

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ESTABLISHED 1831.

The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of this Society was held in Edinburgh, on the 6th May, David J. Thomson, Esq., in the chair. The Report by the Directors stated, that the number of Policies issued during the year ending 1st March last, was 654, the sum thereby assured being £300,440, and the Annual Premiums thereon £959—of which exceed, in every particular, those of the previous year.

The Invested Funds of the Society amount to £1,029,504. The Annual Revenue, to £176,411. The Existing Assureds, to £4,882,196.

Copies of the Report may now be obtained at the Society's offices.

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NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—Declaration of Bonus.—Notice—that a BONUS has been declared for the past quinquennial period upon all participating policies, making an addition thereto of the aggregate sum of £20,627. The bonus may be applied either as an addition to the sum assured, or in reduction of the premiums.

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For reports of the General Meeting, prospectuses, and forms of proposal, apply to the Society's Office, Surrey Street, Norwich; and 6, Crescent, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

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